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THE MAN WHO LAUGHS;
OR,
BY THE KING'S COMMAND.
BY VICTOR HUGO.

PART II.—BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BOOK I.—ETERNAL PRESENCE OF THE PAST; MEN THROW
LIGHT UPON MAN.

I.—LORD CLANCHARLIE.

I.

In those times there was an old tradition.

The tradition of Lord Linnaeus Clancharlie.

Baron Linnaeus Clancharlie, a contemporary of Cromwell, was one of the few English peers, let us say at the outset, who had accepted the republic. This acquiescence might have been reasonable, and could be explained if necessary, since the republic had triumphed for an instant. It was perfectly simple that Lord Clancharlie should have been on the side of the republic, so long as the republic had the upper hand. But Lord Clancharlie had persisted, after the winding up of the revolution and the fall of the Parliamentary government. It would have been easy for his lordship to reenter the reconstructed upper house; penitents are always well received by restored monarchs, and Charles II. was a kind prince to those who came back to him; but Lord Clancharlie had not understood the moral of events. While the nation was welcoming its king with cheers, as he regained possession of England; while the verdict in his favor was unanimous; while the people were lavishing their salutes upon the monarchy; while the dynasty was raising its head again in the midst of a glorious and triumphal palinode; at the moment when the past was becoming the future, and the future the past, this nobleman had remained contumacious. He had averted his head from all this festivity; he had gone into voluntary exile; he had preferred being an outlaw, when he might have been a peer; and thus his years had rolled on; he had grown old in his fidelity to the dead republic. And, therefore, he was covered with the ridicule which naturally attaches itself to such childishness.

He had retired to Switzerland. He lived in a sort of palatial ruin on the borders of the Lake of Geneva. He had chosen for himself this dwelling in the most rugged recess of

the lake, between Chillon, the dungeon of Bonnivard, and Vevay, the tomb of Ludlow. He was enveloped by the stern Alpa, teeming with twilight and wind and cloud; there he lived, lost in the great shadows which mountains cast. Seldom did a traveller meet him. The man was not only out of his country, he was almost out of his age. At that time no resistance to circumstances was justifiable for those who knew and kept up with what was going on. England was happy; a restoration is a reconciliation of man and wife; king and people had ceased to live apart. Nothing could be more graceful and promising; Great Britain was radiant; it is much to have a king, but they had a charming king to boot; Charles II. was amiable, was a statesman and a man of the world, and great after the example of Louis XIV.; he was a gentleman and a nobleman; Charles II. was admired by his subjects; he had made the Hanoverian war, nobody but himself knew why; he had sold Dunkirk to France, a great political measure. The democratic peers, of whom Chamberlayne says, "The accursed republic infected many of the nobility with its foul breath," had been sensible enough to yield to reason, conform to their epoch, and reassume their seats in the upper house. All they had to do for this was to take the oath of allegiance. When one reflected on all these realities, on this beautiful reign, this excellent king, these august princes restored by divine mercy to the love of their people; when one remembered that personages of consequence, like Monk, and afterward Jeffreys, had rallied round the throne; that they had been justly rewarded for their loyalty and zeal by the most magnificent dignities and the most lucrative offices; that Lord Clancharlie could not be ignorant of the fact, that it depended only on himself to be seated gloriously alongside them in all honor; that England, thanks to her king, had again reached the summit of prosperity; that London was all banquets and pageants; that everybody was rich and enthusiastic; that the court was gallant, gay, and proud—then if, by chance, afar from these splendors, in an indefinite, gloomy semi-daylight that resembled the nightfall, one saw this old man dressed in the same garb as the common people, pale, absent, bent with years, probably on the brink of the grave, standing near the lake, scarcely heeding tempest or winter, walking as if at random, his eyes fixed, his gray hairs tossed by the shadowy blasts, silent, solitary, pensive, it would have been hard not to smile.

A profiled sketch of a madman, as it were.

Thinking of Lord Clancharlie, what he might have been and what he was, to smile was charitable. Some laughed out loud. Others were indignant.

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It is clear that serious men might have been disgusted with such insolence in holding himself aloof.

One extenuating circumstance there was: Lord Clancharlie had never been a man of capacity. Every one was agreed on that point.

II.

It is disagreeable to see people make a business of obstinacy. Such imitations of Regulus are unpopular, and provoke irony in public opinion.

These headstrong persons are living reproaches; one has a right to laugh at them.

And then, after all, is this stubbornness, this ruggedness, a virtue? Is there not much ostentation in this excessive show of self-denial and honor? It is more display than any thing else. Why these exaggerations of solitude and exile? To carry nothing too far is the wise man's maxim. Make opposition—well and good; find fault, if you will—but decorously, and without ceasing to cry, "God save the king!" True virtue consists in being reasonable. That which falls ought to fall; that which succeeds, to succeed. Providence has its reasons, and crowns the deserving. Do you pretend to know more about these things than Providence? When facts have spoken, when one government has replaced another, when success has eliminated the true and the false, on one hand ruin, on the other triumph, no more doubt is possible. The honest man attaches himself to the winning side; and, although this benefits his fortune and family, without letting himself be influenced by any such consideration, and thinking only of the public weal, he gives his aid to the conqueror.

What would become of the state, if no one consented to hold office? Is every thing to stop? It is the part of a good citizen to keep his place. Learn to sacrifice your secret preferences. Offices require to be filled. Some one must devote himself. To be faithful to your public functions, is one sort of fidelity. Abandoned by its functionaries, the state would be paralyzed. It is childish to banish yourself. Do you mean it for an example? What vanity! For a defiance? What impudence! What great man do you suppose yourself to be? Know that we are as good as you. We don't desert our posts, not we! If we chose, we too could be inaccessible and untamable—that we could; and we could do worse things than you. But we prefer to be sensible people. Because I am Trimalcion, you don't think me capable of being Cato!

Nonsense!

III.

NEVER was situation more clear and decided, than that of affairs in 1660. Never had the course to pursue been more clearly marked out to a man of sense.

England was free from Cromwell. Under the republic, many irregular actions had been committed. British supremacy had been created; the English, with the help of the Thirty Years' War, had subdued Germany; with the help of the Fronde, humbled France; with the help of the Duke of Braganza, curtailed Spain. Cromwell had tamed Mazarin; the Protector of England signed his name to a treaty above that of the French king. He had fined the United Provinces eight millions, disturbed Algiers and Tunis, conquered Jamaica, humiliated Lisbon, raised up a French faction in Barcelona and Masaniello in Naples; he had moored Portugal to England, and made a clean sweep of the Barbary pirates, from Gibraltar to Candia. The dominion of the seas had been founded under the double form of victory and trade. On the 10th of August, 1658, the man who had won thirty-three fights, the old admiral who called himself *grandfather of sailors*, the Martin Happestz Tromp, who had beaten the Spanish fleet, had been destroyed by the English fleet; the Atlantic had been wrested from the Spanish navy, the Pacific from the Dutch navy, the Mediterranean from the Venetian, and, by the act of navigation, the sea-coast of the world had been occupied. By means of the ocean, the earth was held in subjection; the Dutch flag hum-

bly saluted the British at sea; France, in the person of her ambassador Mancini, did reverence to Oliver Cromwell; this Cromwell played with Calais and Dunkirk as with two shuttle-cocks; he had made the continent tremble, dictated peace, declared war, planted the English standard on every pinnacle; the Protector's one regiment of Ironsides outweighed an army in the balance of Europe's fears. Cromwell used to say, *It is my will that the English republic shall be respected as the Roman republic was*. There remained no longer any thing sacred; speech was free, the press was free; men said in the open street what they chose, they printed without control or censorship what they wished; the balance of power had been disturbed; all the monarchical institutions of Europe, whereof the Stuarts were part, had been turned upside down. Finally, England had escaped from this odious government and received her pardon.

The indulgent Charles II. had promulgated the Declaration of Breda. He had granted to England oblivion of that epoch, when the son of a Huntingdon brewer placed his foot on the head of Louis XIV. England uttered her *mea culpa*, and breathed again. The expansion of hearts, as we have just said, was complete, the regicides' gibbets adding to the universal joy. A restoration is an affair of smiles; still, a trifle of gallows is not unbecoming, and the public conscience must be satisfied. The spirit of insubordination was scattered; loyalty was reestablishing itself. Henceforth the only ambition was to be a good subject. Men had recovered from their political follies, they scoffed at the revolution, they ridiculed the republic, and the queer times when people had always big words in their mouth, *Right, Liberty, Progress*; how they laughed at these emphatic terms! It was an admirable return of good sense; England had been dreaming. What happiness to be free from these delusions! Was there any thing more crazy? Where should we be, if every vagabond had his rights? Imagine everybody governing! Can you fancy the city directed by the citizens? The citizens are a team, and the team isn't the coachman. Putting a matter to the vote is throwing it to the winds. Would you make states float about like clouds? Disorder does not construct order. If Chaos is the architect, the building will be Babel. And then what a tyranny this pretended liberty is! I want to amuse myself, I do, and not to govern. Voting is a bore; I prefer to dance. What a godsend is a prince, who takes charge of every thing! Surely the king is generous, to take this trouble for us. And then he was brought up to it; he knows what it is; it is his business. Peace, war, legislation, finance—is that the people's business? Doubtless the people must pay and work, but that ought to be enough for them. They have their part in politics; they contribute the two forces of the state, the army and the purse. To be a taxpayer and a soldier, is not that enough? What more do the people want? They are the right arm of the General and of the Treasurer—splendid position! The king reigns for it; surely this service must be recompensed. Taxes and civil lists are the wages which nations pay and princes earn. The people give their blood and their money in return for being led. Wish to direct itself? What a strange idea! A guide is necessary for them. Being ignorant, they are blind. Has not the blind man a dog? Only for the people it is a lion, the king, who consents to be their dog. What goodness! But why are the people ignorant? Because it must be so. Ignorance is the guardian of virtue. Where there is no perspective, there is no ambition; the ignorant man is enveloped in a beneficial darkness, which quenches his desires by quenching his sight. Hence comes innocence. He, who reads, thinks; he, who thinks, reasons. It is our duty and also our happiness not to reason. These truths are incontestable. Society reposes on them.

Thus were sound social doctrines reestablished in England. Thus was the nation restored to virtue. At the same time there was a reaction in favor of fine literature. Shakespeare was

despised and Dryden admired. *Dryden is the greatest poet of England and of the age*, said Atterbury (who translated *Achitophel* into French). This was the time when M. Huet, Bishop of Avranches, wrote to Salmasius, who had done the author of *Paradise Lost* the honor of refuting and abusing him, *How can you occupy yourself with an object so insignificant as this Milton?* Every thing revived and reoccupied its place. Dryden up, Shakespeare down, Charles on the throne, Cromwell on the gibbet. England was recovering from the shameful extravagances of the past. It is a great blessing for nations to be brought back, by monarchy, to good order in the state and good taste in literature.

It is hard to believe that such benefits could be unappreciated. Was it not abominable to turn one's back on Charles II., and repay with ingratitude his magnanimity in reascending the throne? Lord Linnaeus Clancharlie had caused this scandal to respectable persons. What madness to sulk at the happiness of his country!

In 1650, as is well known, the Parliament had decreed this form, *I promise to remain faithful to the republic, without king, sovereign, or master*. Under pretext that he had taken this monstrous oath, Lord Clancharlie remained out of the kingdom, and, in face of the general happiness, thought he had a right to be sad. He had a melancholy esteem for that which no longer existed; a strange attachment to vanished objects.

To excuse him was impossible; the most benevolent gave him up. His friends had for a long time done him the honor to suppose that he had joined the republican ranks, only to see more nearly the weak points in the republic's armor, and to strike it with more certainty, when the time came, to the benefit of the king's holy cause. It is part of a loyalist's duty to wait thus for the fit hour, when he can stab the enemy from behind. And this was hoped of Lord Clancharlie, so predisposed were people to judge him favorably. But, in presence of his strange persistence in republicanism, it was soon necessary to renounce this good opinion. Evidently Lord Clancharlie was sincere, that is to say, an idiot.

The explanations of the charitable hesitated between childish obstinacy and headstrong dotage.

Stern judges went farther. They stigmatized this heretic. Weakness has its privileges, but it has bounds. One may be stupid; one ought not to be rebellious. And then, after all, what was Lord Clancharlie but a deserter? He had left his camp, the aristocracy, to go over to the hostile camp, the people. This faithful disciple was a traitor. To be sure, he was "traitor" to the strongest and faithful to the weakest side; to be sure, the camp rejected by him was the victorious camp, and the camp adopted by him the vanquished; to be sure, he lost every thing by this treason, his political privileges, and his domestic hearth, his peerage and his country; his only gain was ridicule, his sole profit exile. But what did that prove? That he was a blockhead.

Granted.

Traitor and dupe at the same time—such there are.

One may be a simpleton to one's heart's content, on condition of not setting a bad example. It is only required of simpletons that they be honest; with which provision, they can set themselves up as the founders of monarchies. The paucity of this Clancharlie's wits was inconceivable. He had remained dazzled by the revolutionary phantasmas. He had allowed himself to be tricked by the republic, at home and abroad. He affronted his country. His attitude was pure felony. To be absent, is to be reproachful. He seemed to hold himself aloof from the public welfare, as from the plague. In his voluntary banishment, there was, as it were, a refuge from the national satisfaction. He treated royalty as a contagion. He was the black flag over the vast monarchical enthusiasm denounced by him as a lazarus-house. What! with order reestablished, the nation raised up again, religion restored—throw a shade upon all this serenity! Take amiss contented England! Be the dark

spot in the great blue sky! Resemble a menace! Protest against the national will! Refuse his "yes" to the universal assent! This would be odious, if it were not comical. The Clancharlies had not taken into account that one may go astray with Cromwell, but that one must come back with Monk. Look at Monk! He commands the army of the republic. Charles II., informed of his probity, writes to him. Monk, who combines a virtuous tone with crafty doings, dissimulates at first; then, all at once, at the head of his troops, breaks up the factious Parliament and reestablishes the king. And Monk is created Duke of Albemarle, has the honor of having saved society, becomes very rich, confers undying lustre upon his epoch, and is made a Knight of the Garter, with the prospect before him of being buried at Westminster. Such is the glory of a faithful Englishman. Lord Clancharlie had not been able to raise himself to the comprehension of duty thus put in practice. He had within him the infatuation, and the immobility, of exile. He satisfied himself with hollow phrases. The man was stiffened in the joints by pride. The words "conscience," "dignity," etc., are words, after all. One must look to the substratum.

This substratum Clancharlie had not seen. His was a short-sighted conscience; anxious, before committing an action, to examine it so closely as to inhale its odor. Thence, absurd disgusts. With such refinements, there is no such thing as a statesman. Excessive conscientiousness degenerates into infirmity. Scrupulousness is one-armed before a sceptre to be seized, and eunuch before a fortune to be espoused. Mistrust scruples. They lead a long way. Unreasonable fidelity has its descents, like a cellar stairway. One step, then another step, then still one more step, and you find yourself in the dark. The shrewd mount up again; the simple-minded remain. One should not too readily allow the conscience to entangle itself in the severe. From transition to transition, you reach the deeply-tinted shades of political bashfulness. Then you are lost. This is what happened to Lord Clancharlie.

Principles, in the end, become a bottomless pit.

He was strolling with his hands behind his back, along the shores of the Lake of Geneva. A pretty step in advance!

Sometimes, in London, they spoke of the absentee. He was, in public opinion, almost in the position of an accused person. There were pleadings for him, and against him. When the cause was heard, the benefit of stupidity was awarded him.

Many of the former zealots of the ex-republic, had given in their adhesion to the Stuarts; for which they merit praise. Naturally, they calumniated him a little. The obstinate are troublesome to the complaisant. Witty folks, well regarded and well placed at court, and annoyed at his disagreeable attitude, volunteered to say: "If he has not joined us, it is because he has not been sufficiently well paid," etc. "He wanted the place of Chancellor, that the king has conferred upon Lord Hyde," etc. One of his "old friends" went so far as to whisper—"He told me so, himself." At times, all lonely as was Linnaeus Clancharlie, some of this tattle reached him, now from exiles whom he encountered, now from old regicides, such as Andrew Broughton who was living at Lausanne. Clancharlie did but shrug his shoulders imperceptibly—a sign of profound stupidity. Once, he gave the finishing touch to this shrugging of the shoulders, by these few muttered words:

— I pity those who believe it.

IV.

CHARLES II., good man, treated him with disdain. The happiness of England, under Charles II., was more than happiness; it was enchantment. A restoration is an old picture blackened with age, that is varnished; all that had passed away reappears. The good old manners made their reentry; pretty women reigned and governed. Evelyn has noticed this fact; you may read in his diary: "Lewdness, profanation, contempt of God. I have seen the king, on a Sunday evening, with his mistresses, Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarin, and two

or three others, all half-naked, in the gallery devoted to play." A certain degree of ill-humor is seen to peer out of this sketch; but Evelyn was a Puritan grumbler, infected with republican reveries. He did not appreciate the profitable example that monarchs give by these grand Babylonian revels, which, after all, are the support of luxury. He did not comprehend the utility of vices. Rule: do not extirpate vices, if you wish to have women charming. Otherwise, you will be like the noodles who destroy caterpillars, while all the while doating on butterflies.

Charles II., as we have just remarked, scarcely perceived the existence of a rebel named Clancharlie; but James II. was more attentive. Charles II. governed indulgently—it was his mode; let us add, that he therefore governed none the worse. A seaman sometimes makes a loose knot in a rope intended to hold fast against the wind, leaving the wind to draw it tight. Such is the senselessness of tempests and of peoples.

This loose knot, speedily converted into a tight one, was the government of Charles II.

Under James II., stifling began—the needful stifling of what remained of the revolution. James II. was laudably ambitious of being an effective sovereign. The reign of Charles II. was, in his eyes, only the rough draft of restoration; James II. desired a return to order more perfected still. He had, in 1660, regretted that the hanging of the regicides was limited to ten. He was a more real reconstructor of authority; he infused vigor into serious principles. He brought about the reign of that justice which is the true one, which ranges itself above sentimental declamations, and which is, in the main, preoccupied with the interests of society. In these protective severities, one recognizes the father of the State. He confided the hand of justice to Jeffreys, and the sword to Kirke. Kirke multiplied examples. This practical colonel had the same man, a republican, hung, and rehung three times, in one day, asking him on each occasion: "Dost thou abjure the republic?" and the wretch, having invariably said "no," was finished off. "I have hung him four times," said Kirke, satisfied. Corporal punishments, recommenced, are a decided sign of strength in the executive. Lady Lyle—notwithstanding that she had sent her son on the campaign against Monmouth—had concealed in her house two rebels, and was put to death. Another rebel, having had the honesty to declare that an Anabaptist woman had sheltered him, was pardoned, and the woman was burnt alive. Kirke, on another day, gave a town to understand that he knew it to be republican, by hanging nineteen of its citizens. Reprisals very legitimate assuredly, when one reflects that, under Cromwell, the ears and noses of saints in stone were cut off in the churches. James II., who had known how to pick out Jeffreys and Kirke, was a prince imbued with true religion. He mortified himself by the ugliness of his mistresses; he listened to Father La Colombière, a preacher who was almost as unctuous as Father Cheminai, but with more fire, and who had the glory of being, in the former half of his life, the counsellor of James II., and in the latter the inspirer of Marie Alacoque. It was owing to this strong religious nourishment that, at a later period, James II. was enabled to bear exile worthily, and to offer, in his retreat at St. Germain, the spectacle of a monarch superior to adversity, touching calmly for the king's evil, and holding converse with Jesuits.

You understand how such a king was compelled, in a certain measure, to preoccupy himself with such a rebel as Lord Linnaeus Clancharlie. Transmissible hereditary peerages involving the future to some extent, it was evident that, if any precaution with regard to this lord was to be taken, James II. would not hesitate.

II.

LORD DAVID DIRRY-MOIR.

I.

LORD LINNAEUS CLANCHARLIE had not always been old and proscribed. He had had his phase of youth and passion. We know, from Harrison and Pride, that the young Cromwell

had loved women and pleasure, which sometimes (another view of the feminine question) foreshadows sedition. Be on your guard against loose dressing. *Male præcinctum juvem cævete.*

Like Cromwell, Lord Clancharlie had had his weaknesses and his irregularities. He was known to have had a natural child, a son. This son, brought into the world at the moment when the republic was coming to an end, was born in England as his father was setting out on his exile. This is why he had never seen the father whom he owned. This bastard of Lord Clancharlie had grown up a page at the court of Charles II. He was called Lord David Dirry-Moir; he was a lord by courtesy, his mother being a woman of rank. This mother, while Lord Clancharlie was becoming an owl in Switzerland, made up her mind, being handsome, to look less sour; and obtained pardon for her first wild lover, by means of a second, this latter incontestably a tamed and even a royalist one, for it was the king. She was to some extent the mistress of Charles II.; so much so, that his majesty, charmed at having recaptured this pretty woman from the republic, gave the little Lord David, son of the conquered one, a commission as yeoman of the mouth. Lord David was, for some time, a yeoman of the mouth, one of the hundred and seventy wearers of the long sword; then he entered the band of pensioners, and was one of the forty who carry a gilded halberd. He had besides, being of this noble body, established by Henry VIII. for guarding his person, the privilege of placing the dishes upon the king's table. Thus it was that, while his father was growing gray in exile, Lord David prospered under Charles II.

After which, he prospered under James II.

"The king is dead, long live the king!" is the *non deficit alter aureus.*

It was at this accession of the Duke of York, that he obtained permission to call himself Lord David Dirry-Moir, from a lordship that his lately-deceased mother had bequeathed him, in that vast Scottish forest wherein is found the bird krag, which, with its beak, hollows out its nest in the trunk of an oak.

II.

JAMES II. was a king, and pretended to be a general. He liked to surround himself with young officers. Willingly did he exhibit himself to the public, on horseback, with helmet and cuirass, and vast overflowing wig, passing out from below the helmet above the cuirass; a sort of equestrian statue of War at child's play. He took a fancy to the graceful air of the young Lord David. He took it kindly of this royalist, the being a republican's son; a repudiated father does not stand in the way of a court-fortune that is starting. The king made Lord David a gentleman of the bedchamber, with a salary of a thousand pounds.

This was fine promotion. A gentleman of the bedchamber sleeps, every night, near the king, upon a bed prepared for him. There are twelve gentlemen. They relieve each other.

Lord David, in this post, was at the head of the king's granary; and his duty it was to supply oats for the horses, having two hundred and sixty pounds for his wages. He had under him the king's five coachmen, the king's five postillions, the king's five grooms, the king's twelve footmen, and the four porters of the king's chair. He had the ordering of the six race-horses that the king keeps at Haymarket, and which cost his majesty six hundred pounds a year. He disposed of every thing in the king's wardrobe, which furnishes state-dresses for the Knights of the Garter. The usher of the Black Rod, pertaining to the king, bowed to the ground before him. This usher, under James II., was the Chevalier Dupper. Lord David received homage from Mr. Baker, who was Clerk of the Crown, and from Mr. Brown, who was Clerk of Parliament. The English court, in its magnificence, is a patron of hospitality. Lord David presided, as one of the twelve, at table and at receptions. His was the glory of standing up behind the king, on days of

offering, when the king presents to the Church the besant of gold, *byzantium*; on the collar-days, when the king wears the collar of his order; and on communion-days, when no one but the king and the prince partakes of the communion. He it was, who, on Holy Thursday, introduced to his majesty the dozen paupers, to whom the king gives as many silver pennies as the years he has lived, and as many shillings as the years he has reigned. It was his function, when the king was ill, to call to his majesty's aid the two groome of the almonry, who are priests, and to prevent the approach of physicians without permission of the Council of State. Furthermore, he was lieutenant-colonel of the Scotch regiment of the Royal Guard, which beats the march of Scotland.

In this capacity he went through several campaigns, and with much *éclat*, for he was a valiant man of war. A brave nobleman was he; well made, handsome, generous, and very imposing in air and manner. He was tall in person, as he was elevated by birth.

There was a moment when he came near being nominated groom of the stole, which would have given him the privilege of putting on the king's shirt; but, for this office, one must be prince or peer.

The creation of a peer is a great affair. It is to create a peerage; and this causes jealousy. It is a favor; and a favor makes for the king one friend and a hundred enemies, without reckoning that the friend becomes ungrateful. James II., from policy, created peerages rarely; but he readily transferred them. A peerage transferred brings about no scandal. It is only a title continued. Their lordships are little troubled by it.

The royal good-will did not shrink from introducing Lord David Dirry-Moir into the Upper Chamber, provided it was through the door of a substituted peerage. His majesty asked no better than to have an opportunity for making of David Dirry-Moir, the lord by courtesy, a lord by right.

III.

This opportunity offered itself.

One day came the news that divers things had happened to the old absentee, Lord Linnaeus Clancharlie, of which the principal was that he had died. Death has this of good in it for people—it gives rise to a little talk concerning them. What was known, or what was thought to be known, of the later years of Lord Linnaeus was told over. Conjectures probably, and fables. To believe these stories, doubtless very far-fetched, Lord Clancharlie, toward the close of his life, had experienced such a republican revivification as to be induced to marry—so the tale went—with an exile's strange stubbornness, a daughter of one of the regicides, Ann Bradshaw. They had the name exactly; and reported further, that she too was dead, but in bringing into the world a child, a boy, who, if all the details were exact, would find himself to be the legitimate and legal heir of Lord Clancharlie. These averments, very vague as they were, were more like rumors than facts. That which took place in Switzerland was, for England of that period, as far remote as what takes place in China for the England of today. Lord Clancharlie must have been fifty-nine at the time of his marriage, and sixty at the birth of his son, and must have died very soon afterward, leaving behind him this child, an orphan on the father's and mother's side. Possibilities, without doubt, but not probabilities. It was added that the child was "beautiful as the day," which one may read in any fairy tale. King James put an end to these reports, evidently without any foundation, by declaring, one fine morning, Lord David Dirry-Moir the sole and definitive heir of Lord Linnaeus Clancharlie, the natural father, in *default of legitimate issue* and by the royal good pleasure, the *absence of all other relations and descendants being established*, patents to which effect were registered in the chamber of peers. By these patents, the king appropriated to Lord David Dirry-Moir the titles, rights, and prerogatives of the said defunct Lord Linnaeus Clancharlie, on

the sole condition that Lord David should marry, when she was marriageable, a girl, then quite an infant and only some months old, whom the king had created a duchess in her cradle—one did not well know why. Read, if you please, that one did well know why. This little one was called the Duchess Josiane.

Spanish names were then the fashion in England. One of Charles the Second's bastards was called Carlos, Earl of Plymouth. It is probable that *Josiane* was the contraction of Josefa-y-Anna. Perhaps, however, there was Josiane, as there was Josias. One of Henry the Eighth's gentlemen was named Josias of Passage.

It was upon this little duchess that the king conferred the peerage of Clancharlie. She was peeress, while awaiting a peer. The peer would be her husband. This peerage was founded upon a double castellany, the barony of Clancharlie and the barony of Hunkerville; besides which, the Lords Clancharlie, in recompense for an old deed of arms and by royal permission, were Marquises of Corleone, in Sicily. The peers of England cannot bear foreign titles. But there are exceptions: thus, Henry Arundel, Lord Arundel of Wardour, no less than Lord Clifford, is a count of the Holy Empire, whereof Lord Cowper is a prince; the Duke of Hamilton is, in France, Duke of Chatelherault; Basil Feilding, Earl of Denbigh, is, in Germany, Count of Hapsburg, of Lauffenburg, and of Rheinfelden. The Duke of Marlborough was Prince of Mindelheim in Swabia, just as the Duke of Wellington was Prince of Waterloo in Belgium. The same Duke of Wellington was Spanish Duke of Ciudad-Rodrigo, and Portuguese Count of Vimeira.

There were in England, and there still are, noble estates, and estates held by mean tenure. The estates of the Lords Clancharlie were all noble. The estates, country-seats, townships, bailiwicks, fiefs, rents, manorial rights, and domains, attached to the Clancharlie-Hunkerville peerages, belonged provisionally to Lady Josiane, and the king declared that Josiane once espoused, Lord David Dirry-Moir should be Baron Clancharlie.

Besides the Clancharlie inheritance, Lady Josiane had her personal fortune. She possessed many valuables, several of which came from the gifts of Madame *sans queue* to the Duke of York. *Madame sans queue* is equivalent to saying simply *madame*. Thus they termed Henriette of England, Duchess of Orleans, the first woman in France, after the Queen.

IV.

AFTER having prospered under Charles and James, Lord David prospered under William. His Jacobinism did not go to the length of following James II. into exile. Retaining all the while his attachment to his legitimate sovereign, he had the good sense to serve the usurper. He was, moreover, though with some disregard of discipline, an excellent officer; he passed from the army into the navy, and distinguished himself in the White squadron. He became therein what was called then "a captain of a light frigate." The upshot was the making him a finished gentleman, carrying to an extreme point the elegances of vice, something of a poet as every one was, a good servant of the state, a good prince's lackey, assiduous at fêtes, galas, levées, ceremonies, and battles, close-fisted as a man must be, very haughty, near-sighted or far-sighted, according to the object to be looked at, willing to be honest, obsequious, or arrogant on occasion, frank and sincere by impulse, but with privilege to put on his mask again; narrow observer of the royal humor good or bad, before a sword's point quite careless, always ready to risk his life with heroism and unconcern at a sign from his majesty, capable of any wanton insult, but of no impoliteness; a man of courtesy and etiquette, proud of bowing the knee on great monarchical occasions, of brilliant valor, externally a courtier, internally a knight, quite a young man at forty-five.

Lord David sang French songs, a gay accomplishment that had delighted Charles II.

He loved eloquence and fine language. He greatly admired

those celebrated parades of charlatanism that are called the *Oraisons Funèbres* of Bossuet.

From his mother's side, he had almost the wherewithal to live, a revenue of about ten thousand pounds sterling, that is to say two hundred and fifty thousand francs. He got through it, running into debt. In magnificence, extravagance, and novelties, he was without rival. So soon as any one imitated him, he changed his style. On horseback, he wore easy-fitting boots of calf-skin, turned over, with spurs. He had hats that no one else had, unheard-of lace, and cravats that were specially his own.

III.

THE DUCHESS JOSIANE.

L.

ABOUT 1705, although Lady Josiane was twenty-three years of age, and Lord David forty-four, the marriage had not yet taken place, and this for the best reasons in the world. Did they hate each other? far from it. But that which cannot escape you does not excite impatience. Josiane wished to remain free; David wished to remain young. Not to get bound by the chain until the latest possible moment, this seemed to him a prolongation of his youth; young men, determined not to grow old, abounded in those gallant days; they grew gray as fops; the wig was an accomplice, and at a later period powder was an auxiliary. At fifty-five, Lord Charles Gerrard, Baron Gerrard, of the Gerrards of Bromley, filled London with the fame of his successes. The pretty and youthful Duchess of Buckingham, Countess of Coventry, was madly in love with the sixty-seven years of the handsome Thomas Ballasye, Viscount Falconberg. One recalls the famous line of Corneille, the man of seventy, to a woman of twenty—

Marquise, si mon visage.

Women also had their autumnal triumphs; witness Ninon and Marion. Such were their models.

Josiane and David displayed in their coquetry a particular shade. They did not love each other; they pleased each other. To walk by each other's side was enough for them. Why should they hurry themselves to make an end of it? The love-stories of the time carried lovers and engaged people through this sort of probation, which was then much in vogue. Josiane, moreover, knowing herself base-born, felt herself a princess, and looked with some disdain upon these minor details. She had a fancy for Lord David. Lord David was fine-looking; but this was over and above the bargain. She found him fashionable.

To be fashionable is every thing. Caliban, fashionable and magnificent, quite distances Ariel, poor. Lord David was handsome, so much the better; the stumbling-block of being handsome is to be insipid; he was not. He gambled, he boxed, he ran in debt. Josiane made much of his horses, of his dogs, of his losses at play, of his mistresses. Lord David, for his part, submitted to the fascination of the Duchess Josiane, that haughty, unapproachable, and high-spirited girl, without blemish and without scruple. He wrote sonnets to her, which Josiane read sometimes. In these sonnets, he affirmed that to possess Josiane would be to mount up to the stars; but this did not hinder him from always postponing the ascension till next year. He danced attendance at the door of Josiane's heart, and this suited them both. At court, all admired the exceeding good taste of this putting off. Lady Josiane said, "It is provoking that I should be compelled to marry Lord David; I, who ask for nothing better than to be in love with him!"

Josiane was flesh. Nothing could be more magnificent. She was very tall, too tall. Her hair was of that shade which one may call a reddish blond. She was plump, fresh, robust, blooming, with inordinate audacity and wit. She had eyes that were only too easily understood. Lover she had none, and of purity little more. She walled herself round in her pride. Men, pahaw! a god, at the least, only was worthy of her, or a mon-

ster. If virtue consists in ruggedness, Josiane was all possible virtue, without the least innocence. She had had no adventures, through disdain of them; but one would not have offended her by supposing her to have had them, provided they should have been strange and suitable to a personage like herself. She cared little for reputation, and very much for notoriety. To seem facile and to be unattainable, here was the crowning excellence. Josiane felt herself majestic and material. Hers was a cumbersome beauty. She invaded, rather than charmed. She trampled upon hearts. She was earthly. One would have astonished her as much by showing her a soul in her bosom, as by showing her wings upon her back. She disengaged upon Locke. She had great polish of manners. She was suspected of knowing Arabic.

To be flesh and to be woman, are two things. Where woman is vulnerable—on the side of pity, for example, which so easily becomes love—Josiane was not vulnerable. Not that she was insensible. The old comparison of flesh with marble is absolutely false. The beauty of flesh is in being not marble; it is to palpitate, to tremble, to blush, to bleed; it is to have firmness without hardness; it is to be white without being cold; it is to have its starts and its weaknesses; it is to be life; and marble is death. Flesh of a certain degree of beauty has almost the right of nakedness; it covers itself with dazzling lustre as with a veil; he who might have seen Josiane naked would only have seen this piece of modelling through a dilating brilliancy of light. She would willingly have shown herself—to a satyr or a eunuch. She had a mythological composure. To make of her nudity a corporal punishment, to elude the grasp of a Tantalus, would have amused her. The king made her a duchess, and Jupiter a Nereid. Double irradiation of which the strange splendor of this creature was made up. In admiring her, one felt himself becoming a pagan or a lackey. Her origin was bastardy and the ocean. She seemed to rise out of the foam. The first jet of her destiny had threatened wreck, but in the middle portion it was regal. She had in her something of the wave, of chance, of nobility, and of the tempest. She was learned and well-read. Never a passion had approached her, and she had gone to the bottom of them all. She had a distaste for realizations, and a liking for them at the same time. If she had stabbed herself, it would have been, like Lucretia, afterward. All manner of corruption, in a fanciful state, was in this virgin. She was a possible Astarte in a real Diana. She was, by the insolence of high birth, exasperating and unapproachable. Nevertheless she might have found it diverting to get up for herself a fall. She dwelt, a glory in a nimbus, with a passive willingness to come down, and perhaps with the curiosity to tumble out of it. She was a little heavy for her cloud. Sinning is pleasant. The free and easy manner of a prince gives the privilege of the trial, and a ducal person amuses herself where a citizen's wife comes to ruin. Josiane was, on the whole, by birth, by beauty, by irony, and by brilliancy, almost a queen. She had had a moment of enthusiasm for Louis de Boufflers, who broke a horseshoe with his fingers. She regretted that Hercules was dead. She lived in an indefinable longing for an ideal, lascivious and supreme.

As to morality, Josiane made one think of the line in the Epistle to the Pisos—

Desinit in pisem.

The lovely form of a woman ends in a hydra.

It was a noble bust, a splendid bosom, harmoniously heaved by a royal heart, a bright, animated look, a countenance pure and haughty, and—who knows?—having under the water, in the dim and confused transparency, a prolongation undulatory, abnormal, perhaps cruel and deformed. Virtue superb, ending in vice, amid the depth of dreams.

II.

Wrrh all this a prude.

It was the fashion.

Remember Elizabeth.

Elizabeth is a type that has ruled in England for three centuries, the sixteenth, the seventeenth, and the eighteenth. Elizabeth is more than English, she is Anglican. Hence, the profound respect of the Episcopal Church for that queen; respect resented by the Catholic Church, which mixed her up with a little of excommunication. In the mouth of Sixtus Fifth anathematizing Elizabeth, the malediction turns out a madrigal. *Un gran cervello di principessa*, said he. Mary Stuart, less occupied with the Church question, and more occupied with the woman question, was little respectful to her sister Elizabeth, and wrote to her, the queen to the queen, and the coquette to the prude: "Your aversion to marriage proceeds from your not wishing to lose the liberty yourself of compelling people to make love to you." Mary Stuart played with a fan, and Elizabeth with the axe. Unequal match. Again, the two were rivals in literature. Mary Stuart made French verses; Elizabeth translated Horace. Elizabeth, ugly, decreed herself beautiful, loved quatrains and acrostics, caused the keys of towns to be presented to her by Cupids, pinched her lips like the Italians, and rolled her eyes like the Spaniards, had in her wardrobe three thousand gowns and toilettes, of which some were costumes of Minerva and Amphitrite, esteemed the Irish for the breadth of their shoulders, covered her farthingale with tinsel and spangles, doted on roses, swore, blasphemed, stamped with her feet in anger, struck with her fist her maids of honor, sent Dudley to the devil, beat Chancellor Burleigh, who whimpered, the old fool, spit upon Mathew, throttled Hatton, boxed Essex on the ears, showed her thigh to Bassompierre, was a virgin.

What she did for Bassompierre the Queen of Sheba had done for Solomon.* Wherefore it was correct, Holy Scripture having established the precedent. That which is Biblical may be Anglican. Biblical precedent goes so far even as to create a child who calls himself Ebnehaquem or Melilechet, that is to say, *le Fils du Sage*.

Why not these manners? Barefaced wickedness is better than hypocrisy.

To-day England, who has a Loyola called Wesley, averts her eyes a little from the past. She is annoyed by it, but proud of it.

During the reign of these manners, the taste for deformity prevailed, especially with the women, and, singularly enough, with the pretty women. What was the use of being pretty, if one could not keep a little monster? What was the use of being queen, if one might not be called pet-names by an obese Chinese? Mary Stuart had had her "weakness" for her crooked Rizzio. Maria Theresa, of Spain, had had "a little familiarity" with a negro. Whence the *Black Abbess*. In the alcoves of the angust century the hunch was not much out of place; witness Marshal Luxembourg.

And before Luxembourg, Condé, "that little man who was so pretty."

Pretty women themselves might, without inconvenience, be deformed. This was allowed. Anne Boleyn had one breast larger than the other, six fingers on one hand, and a tusk. La Vallière was bandy-legged. This did not hinder Henry VIII. from being a fool, or Louis XIV. from becoming demented.

In morals, there were the same deviations. Nearly every woman of high rank was a case of monstrous organization. Agnes contained Melusina. One might be a woman by day, and a vampire by night. They went to the place of execution, to kiss the heads just cut off on the iron stake. Margaret of Valois, a grandmother of prudes, wore at her girdle, under padlock, in tin boxes, sewed to the body of her petticoat, all the hearts of her dead lovers. Henry IV. was concealed under this farthingale.

In the eighteenth century, the Duchess of Berry, daughter of the Regent, revived in one obscene and royal type all these creatures.

* *Regina Saba coram rege crura denudavit.* —Schickardus in Provinis Tarich Jersiel, p. 65.

Besides, the fair dames knew Latin. It was, during the sixteenth century, a feminine accomplishment. Jane Grey pushed this refinement even to the knowledge of Hebrew.

The Duchess Josiane latinized. More than this, another pretty custom, she was a Catholic. In secret, let us say, and more after the manner of her uncle Charles II. than of her father James II. James had sacrificed his kingdom to his Catholicism, and Josiane had no desire of risking her peerage. For this reason, Catholic as she was in her own bosom and among clever men and sharp women, she was externally Protestant for the crowd.

This mode of interpreting religion is pleasant; one enjoys all the privileges that belong to the Established Episcopal Church, and, later, one dies, like Grotius, in the odor of Catholicism, and one has the glory of having a mass said over him by Père Petau.

Plump and in good health as Josiane was, let us insist here, she was an accomplished romanticist.

At times, her sleepy and voluptuous way of drawing her words resembled the stretching out of the paws of a tigress prowling in the jungle.

The advantage of being a prude is that it disturbs the classification of the human race. One no longer does it the honor to belong to it.

Above all, to put the human race at a distance, this is what is of moment.

When one has not Olympus, one takes the Hôtel Rambouillet.

Juno resolves herself into Araminta. An assumption of divinity, that is not recognized, makes a woman pointed at. In default of thunderbolts, one has impudence. The temple shrivels into a boudoir. Not being able to be a goddess, one is an idol.

There is, moreover, in the male romanticist a certain pedantry that pleases women.

The coquette and the pedant are neighbors. The union of the two is seen in the coxcomb.

The subtle is derived from the sensual. Gluttony affects delicacy; a grimace of aversion is becoming to covetousness.

And the weak side of woman is conscious of being guarded by all that casuistry of gallantry, which takes the place of scruples, with prudes. It is a line of circumvallation with a moat. Every prude has an air of reluctance. This protects her.

She will consent, but meanwhile she treats it lightly.

Josiane had an unquiet conscience. She felt such a proclivity to immorality, that she was a scold. The fierce recoil backward of our vices carries us into opposite vices. The excessive effort to be modest makes the prude. To be too much on the defensive, this betrays a secret desire to be attacked. The blustering are not severe.

She intrenched herself within the arrogant exclusiveness of her rank and birth, all the while meditating, perhaps, as we have said, some abrupt sallying forth.

It was at the dawn of the eighteenth century. England exhibited in the rough draft what France was under the Regency. Walpole and Dubois were in power, Marlborough was fighting against his ex-king James II., to whom he had sold his sister, Churchill. Bolingbroke then shone, and Richelieu was beginning to sparkle. Gallantry found its convenience in a certain commingling of castes; social equality established itself by vice. It came later to establish itself by ideas. The breaking down of rank, an aristocratic prelude, began what the Revolution came to finish. They were not far from Jélyotte, openly seated in broad day on the bed of the Marquis d'Epinal. It is true, for the manners of the age echo it, that the sixteenth century had seen the nightcap of Smeton over the pillow of Anne Boleyn.

If woman signifies indiscretion, as I know not what council has affirmed, never was woman more entirely woman than at this time. Never, covering her frailty with her charms, and

her weakness with her omnipotence, had she more imperiously given herself absolution. To make the forbidden fruit the permitted fruit, this was Eve's fall; but to make the permitted fruit the forbidden fruit, this was her triumph. She finished with this. In the eighteenth century woman drew the bolt upon her husband. She shut herself up in Eden with Satan. Adam was outside.

All Josiane's instincts inclined her rather to yield herself in gallantry, than in the legal way. To yield ourselves up to gallantry gives a literary tone, recalls Menalcas and Amaryllis, and is almost a learned act.

Mademoiselle de Scudéry, apart from the affinity that ugliness has for ugliness, had no other motive for yielding to Pelison.

The young girl a sovereign, and the wife a subject, these are the old customs of England. Josiane postponed, as long as she could, the hour of this subjection. Let it come at last to marriage with Lord David, since the royal good pleasure demanded it, it was a necessity doubtless, but what a misfortune! Josiane accepted and refused Lord David. There was between them a tacit understanding, not to conclude and not to break off. They kept out of each other's way. This fashion of carrying on a love-matter, with one step forward and two steps backward, is expressed in the dances of the time, the minuet and the gavotte. To be married folks, this did not improve the expression of the countenance, this faded the ribbons one wore, this made one grow old. The wedding, mournful eclipse of brilliancy! The handing over of a wife by a notary, what stupidity! The brutality of marriage creates definite situations, suppresses the will, murders the choice, has a syntax like a grammar, substitutes orthography for inspiration, makes love a mere formula, dispels all the mysteries of life, dissipates the illusions of feminine attire, confers rights belittling to him who exercises them as to her who submits, deranges, by throwing the scale all on one side, the charming equilibrium of the robust sex and the all-prevailing sex, of force and beauty, and makes here a master and there a servant, whilst, but for marriage, there had been a slave and a queen. To make the bed so prosaic as to be decent, could there be conceived any thing more gross? That there should be no longer the least harm in loving each other, is not this sufficiently stupid?

Lord David matured. Forty years—it is the striking of an hour. He had not heard it, and, in fact, he had always the air of thirty. He found it more amusing to desire Josiane, than to possess her. He possessed her in others; he had women. Josiane, for her part, had dreams.

Her dreams were the worse.

The Duchess Josiane had this peculiarity, less rare than would be supposed, that one of her eyes was blue and the other black. Her looks were made up of love and hate, of gayety and dejection. Day and night were mingled in her glance.

Her ambition was this, to show herself capable of the impossible.

One day she had said to Swift—

— You imagine, you fellows, that you know what scorn is.

“ You fellows ” meant the human race.

She was a papist skin-deep. Her Catholicism did not exceed the quantity essential to fashion. It would have been Puseyism to-day. She wore the heaviest robes of velvet, or satin, or watered silk, some of fifteen or sixteen ells' breadth, and fastenings of gold and silver, and around her girdle in profusion knots of pearls alternated with knots of brilliants. She was extravagant in lace. She wore sometimes a bachelor's braided waist-coat. She rode on a man's saddle, notwithstanding the invention of side-saddles introduced into England in the fourteenth century by Anne, wife of Richard II. She washed her face, her arms, her shoulders, and her neck, in sugar-candy beaten up with the white of an egg, after the Castilian style. She had, after any witty saying uttered in her presence, an appreciative laugh of rare grace. Beyond this, no harm in her. Rather good, than otherwise.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY.”

CHAPTER V.—IN WHICH PLANS ARE DERANGED.

MR. EVELYN had sat too long in the evening air, and he was coughing when he joined his daughter the next day at breakfast. However, the cough got easier after he had eaten something, and then he asked her what she thought of their company of the day before.

“ Oh, Mr. Woodville did so amuse me,” she answered, “ with his oddities, and his globules, and his endless wraps, and the extraordinary old things he had under them, which he thought I did not see; and all the queer organs he seems to have—a great many more, papa, than you have got, although you are pretty well off, too. What a droll place his studio must be, or his surgery! I presume its something between the two. At the same time, I don't deny that he is clever and agreeable, and, though I laugh at him, I like him.”

“ And what do you say of the lawyer? ”

“ Well, papa, he is very inferior to his friend in point of organs; there is nothing to laugh at about him at all; no nonsense of any kind; he is no adventurer, I am sure, but, if he was, he would push his way in the world, wouldn't he? ”

“ A sort of Quentin Durward in a wig; I think you measure them both very correctly. They are both clever young men in their several ways, and much to be liked.”

“ Certainly, sir; but I must now tell you what I don't like.”

“ What's that, Fatima? ”

“ Well, then, I don't like your going on as you do sometimes—as you did last night, for instance—diverting people, and especially strangers, with my book-keeping and arithmetic. You don't intend it, but you put it in a ludicrous way which doesn't make me feel proud of myself, I assure you. If I had not stopped you in time, you would have told those strange gentlemen of my little speculations and dabbling in the funds.”

“ No, Fatima, I should never have told them a word about that.”

“ I am not at all sure of it, and even that I once burnt my fingers. All true, no doubt; but people would only see the ridiculous side of it.”

The good, vain father was very sorry for what he had done, and promised to be better behaved in future.

“ After all,” she said, “ what signifies it? They did not laugh at me; and if they did?—I am thinking of myself when I ought to be only thinking of you and the cold you have caught. What is to be done if you are laid up? Oh, how I wish there was somebody to do your business at Turin for you! ”

“ There is no use in talking of that, my love.”

“ I suppose not; so you must only take great care of yourself.”

Meanwhile the two young men were at breakfast, talking of the Evelyns, as the Evelyns had been talking of them, and laughing over the little incidents of the day before.

“ A very determined young lady,” said Woodville. “ She makes everybody do just what she likes. She imposed the labors of a galley-slave on you without the least ceremony. And how soon she put a spoke in the old gentleman's wheel when he began to be too communicative! ”

“ What a prodigious talker he is; all 'tongue, with a garnish of brains.' I never could see the propriety of that expression applied to Burke, whose brains were surely not inferior to his tongue, as I suspect Mr. Evelyn's are.”

“ He would prove a bore on longer acquaintance, I am satisfied. We proceed to-morrow, eh? There is nothing more to be done here? ”

“ By all means. I hope the old gentleman has suffered from the night air as little as I have.”

“ We ought to call on them in the course of the morning and inquire,” said the other.

“ It would be the right thing, I suppose,” said the artist.

Alexander wrote letters, and Woodville sketched for an hour or two, and then they went to pay their visit. Mr. Evelyn was coughing as they entered his apartment. Things were disposed pretty much as they had been the previous day, only that Mr. Evelyn had the bundle of papers now lying before him, and he appeared to be wading through them. Miss Evelyn was reading.

The old gentleman pushed away the papers with the alacrity of a man engaged in some intricate matter not at all to his taste, and which he willingly takes advantage of any excuse to throw aside.

Alexander said he feared they had dropped in at an inopportune moment.

"Not at all," said Mr. Evelyn, "we are only too glad to be so agreeably interrupted."

"I am afraid, sir," said Woodville, "you sat too long *à la belle étoile* last evening."

"Indeed, he did," said his daughter, "and I was to blame in allowing it, particularly with his engagements. When once he takes cold, he is in no hurry to get rid of it."

"Oh, yes, my dear," said Mr. Evelyn, "I shall get rid of it in time, depend upon it."

"*Nous verrons*," said the lady, dryly, as if she was still of her own opinion, and then, addressing Alexander, she added—

"You visit Turin, I presume, before you leave the north of Italy?"

"It was not in our programme," he replied.

"Oh, you ought surely to see Turin—ought they not, papa?"

"It is worth a visit certainly," said Mr. Evelyn, "if you have time to spare—and, by-the-by, you would be within easy reach of the Vaudois country, and a few days there would be well spent."

"Indeed they would," said Miss Evelyn, with emphasis, "both for its natural attractions and its historical interest. What the dear little Orla wants is a tale of heroism interwoven with its beauties. You really ought not to leave Italy without seeing our valleys."

"But you must know," said Woodville, smiling, "that my friend here is a great stickler for his plans; when he has made his programme, he insists on abiding by it. It is a point of conscience with him."

"Is your conscience so very punctilious?" said Miss Evelyn, addressing the young man of the law, with her peculiar look through her half-closed eyelids, the expression of which it was so hard to define.

"Well, Mr. Woodville colors highly," he replied. "I am for adhering to resolutions, but not, I hope, pedantically."

"Just so," said the young lady. "Papa, what was it the Duke of Wellington said of his plans in the Peninsular War? I remember he thought it so wise."

"Something to this effect," said the old gentleman, "that the best plans were those which were rather elastic and admitted of being most easily modified according to circumstances."

"Yes, and it was that which gave his plans the advantage over those of French generals."

"You see, she has great examples to enforce her arguments," said the proud father.

"Great indeed," said Alexander; "so, as I see no reason why we should not go to Turin, and the Valleys, except that we did not originally propose it, I leave it to my friend to decide whether we shall be rigid, like Marshal Soult, or elastic, like the Duke of Wellington."

"Leave it to me!" exclaimed Woodville; "why I have been the advocate for elasticity ever since we set out on our travels; and I think, I may add, the martyr of the opposite system sometimes."

"*Taste Montrone and the donkey*," said Mr. Evelyn, laughing.

"I do owe him some amends," said Alexander.

"You will find the inns rude," said Miss Evelyn, assuming the change of plans to be a settled thing, "but the pastors are hospitable to strangers, and we will give you letters to our friends."

Mr. Evelyn began to cough again, so the young men thought it was time to take leave.

"I hope we shall see you once more before you go," said the lady, very graciously, as they withdrew. "Perhaps you will drop in to tea?"

They were no sooner out of the room, than the artist struck the palm of his left hand with his right, and exclaimed—

"She has a design in sending us off to those Valleys, as sure as my name is Woodville."

Alexander laughed heartily.

"How she settled it all! if they did not settle it between them. Did I not tell you she was the girl to make everybody do her pleasure—even you, who I thought was as firm as a rock. She has her objects: remember my words."



"Nonsense, my dear fellow; what objects could she possibly have?"

"Why really, Alexander, you are sometimes as blind as a bat—don't you see? She knows her father will not be able to travel, or she is determined not to allow him; he will not go to Turin, so you must."

"But why, my sharp-sighted friend, why?"

"To do his business for him, whatever it is."

Alexander laughed till he was obliged to hold his sides.

But Woodville was not much out in his conjecture. If the shrewd young lady had not suggested and urged the departure from their plans on the tourists with the distinct purpose of which Woodville suspected her, she was certainly not long without perceiving how it might be turned to her father's advantage.

He returned, still coughing, to his papers, and coughed and sighed and groaned over them. It was pitiable to see Mr. Evelyn at those papers. He turned them over and over, now read a portion of one, then dropped it as if in despair, then took it up again, and made a mark with a pencil, then tried another; then tied them in a certain order, then untied them, and changed the arrangement, coughing and groaning, and groaning and coughing. It was pitiable. At last the coughing became a fit; he gave a deeper groan than ever, and then his daughter ran over to him, gathered the papers all up, tied them together doggedly, as if she was resolved they should never get loose, and vowed he should not open or look at them again until he was well.

"Very well, my love; I acquiesce," he said, as the cough ceased, leaving his voice so feeble that it was scarcely audible.

When he got a little better, his daughter sat down beside him, and said:

"Now, papa, listen to me. I have got an idea. Mr. Alexander has decided to go to Turin; he is a lawyer, or has been educated for one; he is very obliging, you see, and I am positive he is just the man who may be depended upon to do any thing he undertakes. Now why not ask him to act for you, and put all those plaguy papers into his hands?"

Mr. Evelyn shuffled in his chair, took his spectacles from his nose, and stared at her.

"Why, Fatima, I never heard any thing so monstrous in my life. Here is a young man on a vacation tour, relaxing himself, no doubt, after hard work, and perhaps preparing for harder, and you want me to saddle him with a troublesome piece of business like this—he would have a pleasant time of it with those papers to study. Besides, my dear, they would actually suspect us, and with very good reason, of persuading them to change their plans for our own selfish purposes."

"Pooh, pooh, as to their plans," said Miss Evelyn, curtly, looking vexed at her father's opposition. "There is nothing in that. What other plan had they but the old stupid, cockney dog-trot tour of the lakes? They ought to be greatly obliged to us for giving them something better to do."

"Fatima, the thing is not to be thought of; say no more about it."

"Very well, sir, so be it; but positively you shall not make yourself ill with business, whatever comes of it. What would you think of going to bed? I think it would be the best thing you could do."

"I will," said Mr. Evelyn.

Toward evening, just as the hour of tea arrived, Alexander received a little note from Miss Evelyn, a note with three corners to it, in every one of which Woodville, as he eyed it, saw craft and diplomacy. She was unable to receive him and his friend; her father's cold was worse, he was a little feverish, and keeping his room; in the morning she promised the letters to the Valleys, and hoped to bid them good-bye before they went. The note was only remarkable for being couched in the fewest possible words, and written in a bold, yet not unfeminine hand, as legible as printing, the letters were so distinctly formed.

There was nothing very deep or crooked in it, at all events. Yet troubles were near at hand, and poor little Woodville dreamed that the blow was to fall on him first.

He was at his toilet the next morning, when somebody came tapping at his door. When he opened it, behold it was Hannah, to say her mistress would be greatly obliged to him if he would allow her to see him for a few moments.

"Of course," replied the artist, in a flutter, "with much pleasure, as soon as I am dressed."

What could she possibly have to say to him? Why did she not apply to Alexander if she was in any difficulty? It was only when Hannah was going away that he thought of asking how the old gentleman was.

"I am afraid he is seriously ill, sir."

"Has a doctor been sent for?"

"I think, sir, my mistress wishes to consult you first."

If Woodville was flurried before, he was twice as flurried now. He cut short some of his operations, shuffled off his old dressing-gown, huddled on the first decent clothes that came to his hand, and obeyed the lady's summons with as much composure as he could muster.

He found her sitting coolly at her breakfast. While she agitated others, she was composed enough herself. It never occurred to him that the most loving and devoted of daughters must have her breakfast, even with the author of her being in bed with a cold. He thought her a monster—but he was not very long under that impression.

When she rose to receive him, which she did with warmth, thanking him cordially for coming to her, he observed that her face was pale, her eyes solicitous, and he inferred from her *déshabillé*, and the hasty arrangement of her hair, that the monster of the moment before had probably been sitting up during the night with her father.

"I hope you will excuse me, Mr. Woodville," she said, fixing her earnest eyes on her visitor, "but I am in a very great difficulty. It is most unfortunate that my father should be taken ill in this out-of-the-way place."

"I am very much concerned indeed—very sorry," said Woodville, his trepidation for himself rapidly giving way to interest in the lady; "but surely the place is important enough to have a physician."

"No doubt it has; but, you must know, that both my father and I have the greatest horror of the Italian doctors; they always bleed."

"They certainly do," murmured Woodville, his uneasiness reviving, but unable to dispute the fact.

"And my father is not a subject for bleeding, sir—should you say that he was?"

"I certainly should not," said Woodville, conscientiously forced to acquiesce in premise after premise, though dreading the conclusion to be drawn from them; "but why should you allow the doctor to bleed?"

To that she had a ready answer.

"We know something of the doctor here, Mr. Woodville, and he can do nothing but bleed; if there is a Sangrado in Italy, he is one; so, under these circumstances, it occurred to my father, or to me—I hardly know which of us thought of it first"—"I have no doubt you did," thought Woodville—"that as you are not very strong yourself, and have probably a few simple medicines with you, you might have something that would give him temporary relief, and give us time to send to Milan for a doctor whom we know there."

This was letting him off very easily indeed. With this weight taken off his mind, Woodville brightened up so suddenly, that the lady very naturally thought he was flattered by her application; he placed all his treasury of remedies heartily at her disposal, mentioned one or two things which might possibly be of use, and was hastening to his room for them, when Miss Evelyn, thanking him with great feeling, made a rapid little supplementary request, in the form a suggestion, that perhaps he would be kind enough to see her father. He consented, for he was no longer on the defensive, and it was only as he unlocked his medicine-chest, that he felt himself already playing the part of "*le médecin malgré lui*."

He saw Mr. Evelyn, felt his pulse, and, finding it very low, returned to his daughter with so long a face that he alarmed her very unnecessarily. He tried to undo the effect by repeated assurances that there was no manner of danger, but she placed much less faith in what he said than in the signs of uncertainty and agitation which his countenance exhibited.

"You go to-day," she said, anxiously—"you must go to-day?"

It was easy to embarrass poor Woodville, but nothing embarrassed

him so much as a question put to him point-blank as to his intentions in a given set of circumstances.

"Well," he replied, "if I thought—really—I hardly know what to say."

That was just the truth; he did not know what to say, and what he did say further on that occasion he could never distinctly remember; only it ended in his promising to stay until the arrival of the doctor. Whether the offer originated with himself, or was suggested by Miss Evelyn, he was never perfectly certain, but that was a point of no consequence. He promised to remain, and Miss Evelyn's gratitude knew no bounds.

"It is so kind, so very kind," she said; "and my father will be so obliged. I must let him know at once how kind you are."

And she ran to her father's room.

Woodville ran to look for Alexander, who had been out for a long walk, and was now vigorously eating his breakfast, wondering what had become of his friend.

Woodville rushed in, dashing his hands through his hair, and as pale as if he had just seen a spectre. He flung himself down on a sofa.

"What on earth is the matter, my dear fellow?"

"Every thing's the matter—I'm in for it—that's all. If you go to-day, you must go alone—at all events, I must stay—there's no help for it."

"But why? you don't tell me why."

"Because the old gentleman has taken it into his head to be ill, and he won't see the doctors of the place, and Miss Evelyn saw me taking that confounded globule in the boat, and thinks I am a doctor in disguise, or at least an apothecary. She began by asking me for something to relieve him, then she asked me to see him, and then—I really don't well know how the rest of it came about, but here I am planted, Heaven knows for how long, until some physician or another arrives from Naples or Milan, or God knows where."

"Is he dangerously ill?"

"No, not dangerously—but I would give just a thousand guineas to be back again in my quiet attic."

"Calm yourself, old fellow, and try to eat your breakfast. Every thing will come right if you only take things quietly."

"What will you do?"

"Exactly what I intended to do, when I got up this morning. I have ordered a calèche and packed my portmanteau. Miss Evelyn does not want me."

"Not here?"

"Not anywhere else. At all events, I will be before her, and volunteer whatever services I can render. What else can I do?"

"You are a bold fellow."

"Well, do you eat your breakfast while I go and take leave of this terrible young lady, and know the worst."

Woodville was now getting calm, and beginning to sip his coffee. As Alexander was leaving the room, he called him back.

"Though I abuse her," he said, "she interests me in spite of myself. Say all you can to encourage her: tell her from me that there is no danger whatever in her father's situation; there will be ample time to get the best advice; and impress upon her also, my dear fellow, that it is only on condition of not being held at all responsible that I consent to stay."

"Yes, yes—I shall explain every thing as well as you could yourself."

"Much better, I hope," said the artist.

A SKETCH OF THE STREET-GAMIN OF NEW YORK.

THAT glorious Frenchman, Victor Hugo, has immortalized the *gamin* of Paris; but as curious specimens of little humanity may be found in our own metropolis among those classed as "the out-door poor." There seems to be something amphibious in the nature of these children, as they hop about the docks, not exactly in the water, and not quite out of it. A moderate rain is no disturbance, and a hard rain only causes a brief eclipse. When it is over, they are out of their mysterious hiding-places, as brisk as ever, and, seemingly, as dry. Their delight is to watch the flight of pigeons, and, when one white or black or mottled bird touches another, they look upon it as

a celestial game of "tag." The gold-dealers on Wall Street are not half so earnest in following or calling the erratic motions of their god, as are the children at the foot of the same street, in looking with bated breath as some pigeon nears another, and then, at the touch of the wing and the dart into space, a dozen will shout, "He's it! he's it! The white one is the tag!"

These little things—innocent from ignorance, and not old enough for perfect iniquity—are generally partly clothed and partly fed from some of the institutions of charity. The children consider that they render value received for what they get, by attending some form of Sunday-school or divine service. The surest way to trap them is to distribute food or clothing on the Sabbath. Consequently, they all have dim ideas of Providence. Only the other day, the writer passed a little German boy of some six years, who had the *clown* streaks running down his cheeks that told of recent punishment and more recent tears. Poor little things—rain and tears are the only washings their faces often know! He was gravely explaining the matter to a sympathetic little girl, and closed with, "I like God better nor my fadder." In the adjacent alley, another boy had discovered a free show, and was dancing with delight as he shouted, "Run here quick, everybody! Run quick, or you won't see it!" It was a woman whipping a child.

Four of these children—John and Pete Maginnis, and Willie and Susan Roberts—were among the "outside" children of a city mission; that is, they had a shelter which saved them from Randall's Island, and some theoretical relatives who would not permit the House of Industry to take control, and get them homes in the West.

John and Pete had fallen in love with the great card of pocket-knives, tweezers, and corkscrews, that hung in the window of a hardware store on Broadway, not far from the City-Hall Park. To save enough pennies for a purchase would have involved starvation; and yet the boys' longing for a bright pocket-knife was none the less ardent. The incongruity of pearl handles and polished steel in the pockets of the rolled-up and dirty men's trousers they wore, did not strike them, and by a unanimous vote John and Pete resolved themselves into a committee of two on ways and means. What they wanted was in the custody of their natural enemy and prey, a "Broadway dress-up," and guarded by those watch-dogs in blue, the police. To smash the thick plate of glass with a paving-stone or a lump of coal, was out of the question. Equally impossible to get inside unseen, for they tried it.

A new building was going up on the lot next to the store, and the ladders used by the hod-carriers during the week stood unused on Sunday. The roof-timbers of the new building reached as high as the roof of the store. With that generosity we all feel in the property of others, the two discoverers offered Willie an equal share in the speculation.

He was willing enough, but his little sister, Sue, was his confidante.

She was consulted, and her objections were very decided. Yet, to all her arguments and childish logic, the two older tempters had equally ready replies. She knew of the text, "Thou, God, seest me;" but they said they would go at night, when He couldn't see, and there was no gas on the top of the store. She was not informed enough to meet that difficulty. To her argument that the penknives did not belong to them came the answer, "What do they put them in the outside winder for, then?" When she insisted that the ladies at the Mission would be offended, and their anger would close the avenue to shoes and bread, the little rogues said, "They won't know it." She urged the danger, and they replied, "If it ain't safe, we kin come down agin." To her climax, the terror of the police, they responded that "perleceemans don't leave them beat to go into new buildings," and that she was the very one to stay below and watch. She could have some flowers to sell, and would not be taken up.

This was conclusive to Willie, and, perchance, was so to his devoted little sister.

Sunday night came, starlight but dark, and, by the time the crowd, which is always thin on Sunday, was reduced by the lateness of the hour, the four adventurers had found out the locality of the night-watch, on the front and back streets, and were safe in the shadow of the basement brickwork. That once achieved, they concluded to take the flower-girl with them, and all four began the ascent of the steep and perilous ladders. This was bad enough in daylight, but worse in the dark, amid the pitfalls of loose lumber and scattered masonry.

At last they were all safe on the top of the building, only to meet a new difficulty. There was a trap-door, as they had supposed, but so securely fastened as to defy all efforts to raise it. The flat tin of the roof was not more impervious.

The building, however, ran through from street to street, and, as the central part would be almost dark, if only dependent for light from the street windows, there was the usual remedy. An opening like a great well led from the roof to the basement, and light went down and rain was kept out by a skylight of large panes of glass. Other and thicker glass intervened between the first and second floors and the basement; but that was three stories below.

To break and remove a pane of the glass of the skylight, and make an opening large enough for a small boy, was easily and quickly done. But that only made a hole over a dark gulf of unknown depth.

Probably, if there is any thing which a New-York street-boy is afraid of, that something is not yet discovered; and so they were not afraid of the chasm beneath them. They knew that the most of stores only protected such holes by a railing, breast-high from the floor, and they took this for an average store.

John was the oldest and strongest, a boy of about twelve years. He let himself down by the hands, and hung suspended. Then he gave his body a swinging motion as a preparation for the leap, and, without a thought how to get back, he let go. With a slight jar he safely cleared the opening, and landed on his feet on the floor beyond. Pete next made the attempt, and was equally successful. As Susan's dress did not suit for such afeat, she was not to try it. Her brother came next, and again she begged him to give it up and go home; but his pride and boyish reputation were at stake, and he let himself down for the swing. Then came the leap—he struck the railing, and there was a heavy fall, far below. The sister was with some difficulty persuaded not to follow him in the same way, and then the two who were safe hurried down to see if the other was dead.

The back part of the store, opening on the back street, was used for a clothing-store, and a pile of coats on the glass of the second floor had broken the fall and saved life. As it was, a leg was broken, and he was bruised all over. The larger boy took him on his back, and slowly and painfully bore him up the stairs, often pausing to rest. The other one succeeded in unbolting the trap-door from the inside, and then the little sufferer was laid at his sister's feet on the high roof. It would not do to lose the fruits of the expedition on account of the accident, and away the two boys scampered below for the coveted pen-knives. An abundance of these were found without venturing to the window, and, with pockets distended with treasure, they sought and found access to the clothing-store in the rear.

The department for boys suited them exactly, and the soiled rags of the docks were soon exchanged for cloth and velvet, with the full glory of buttons. Some things were still lacking. The shoes had been left at home, as likely to be in the way; and there were none to be had. There were no hats or caps, and they kept the old ones. They did not wash their faces. Then the pockets stuck out alarmingly.

They were in no hurry, and spent more than an hour at their investigation. Susan was in a hurry, for Willie had fainted from pain, and might die, for all she knew. It must ever be an unexplained mystery, how terror or excitement can lend unnatural strength, and give a child the endurance of a man. She did not pause to question of possibility, but began the task of carrying a boy, almost as large and heavy as herself, down the ladders that were so difficult alone and unencumbered. How she succeeded, often requiring one hand for a guide, while she held him with the other, avoiding the pitfalls, walking on the open timber, saving him from hurt as much as possible, and not saving herself at all—this she could not have explained to herself or to others. Yet, by the time the two others had finished their robbery and were at the top of the ladders, she was at the bottom, and resting, sick and half-conscious, beside her insensible brother. As they came down and called her, she was not able to answer, and they passed on. A policeman was on the sidewalk as they emerged and undertook to pass him with the air of well-bred city boys. Probably it was overdone. Then the glossy clothes and full array of buttons did not exactly correspond with the bare feet, old hats, and dirty faces. There was a brief chase, and then both were marched off under arrest. The result of all the labor and peril was hard labor in the shoe factory of the House of Refuge, up the river.

Susan knew from the noise what had happened, and the absence

of the policeman was her chance. Again her arms enfolded her brother, and soon she was across the street and into the narrower one which led to her home. The boy became conscious, and began to groan; but a whisper of the danger hushed that, and she toiled on, avoiding the lamp-light when she could, resting often from necessity, and fancying the flat cap and long coat of the police in every shadow. Of all things, she feared most these representatives of the law. A greater fear in that it was vague and not defined or limited. At last, one did come up the street; but she cowered in the shadow of a door-step, and he passed her in the darkness. Another was at a corner, and they had to wait many long minutes before he went away. No part of the stolen property was with them, and she was glad of that. Still she avoided arrest. Prison or hospital—it was all one to them. The street was liberty, and beggars were free.

At last came the darkness and filth and smell of the alley-way—worse than the hospital or prison to others, but home and safety to them. The mother was sober, and there were a bed and a doctor before daylight.

Susie was not afraid of the ladies of the Mission, and the next morning early she had told them the whole story. No one doubted it; and if they had, the bruised and half-dead boy, and the report of the robbery in the morning papers of the next day, was proof enough.

The little sister was sore and exhausted, so as scarcely to be able to walk, but insisted on being the nurse. As there was little prospect of income from the boy for many months to come, and as his condition and the act which led to it was a lesson on the perils of the streets, the mother was persuaded to let both children be sheltered from the out-door temptations within the walls of the Mission.

Poor Willie had a hard time of it, as some of his injuries were internal; but his soul and his body were nursed at the same time, and knowledge of sin with repentance grew with his returning strength. It is hard for those who know Bible truths so well, to understand how utterly ignorant children can be, who hear Sabbath bells and see open churches from birth. It was hard for Willie to understand why little Susan could not go out and steal an apple from the nearest stand for him, while he was sick; and harder still for pious people to understand that he knew no better. He certainly knew that stealing was punished, but failure of success in begging had also been, and he knew of as little reason for one as for the other. The two other boys, who were arrested, had to guess at morals from the tender mercies of the State House of Correction; but the little boy who was saved by his sister, and the sister who saved him, have comfortable homes amid the green prairies of the West.

Both would blush to-day, did any one there know that they had once been little burglars.

HUNTING THE ORANG-UTAN IN BORNEO.

ONE of my chief objects in coming to stay at Simunjion was to see the orang-utan (or great man-like ape of Borneo) in his native haunts, to study his habits, and obtain good specimens of the different varieties and species of both sexes, and of the adult and young animals. In all these objects I succeeded beyond my expectations, and will now give some account of my experience in hunting the orang-utan, or "mias," as it is called by the natives; and as this name is short, and easily pronounced, I shall generally use it in preference to *Simia satyrus*, or orang-utan.

Just a week after my arrival at the mines, I first saw a mias. I was out collecting insects, not more than a quarter of a mile from the house, when I heard a rustling in a tree near, and, looking up, saw a large red-haired animal moving slowly along, hanging from the branches by its arms. It passed on from tree to tree till it was lost in the jungle, which was so swampy that I could not follow it. This mode of progression was, however, very unusual, and is more characteristic of the hylobates than of the orang. I suppose there was some individual peculiarity in this animal, or the nature of the trees just in this place rendered it the most easy mode of progression.

About a fortnight afterward I heard that one was feeding in a tree in the swamp just below the house, and, taking my gun, was fortunate enough to find it in the same place. As soon as I approached, it tried to conceal itself among the foliage; but I got a shot at it, and the second barrel caused it to fall down almost dead, the two balls having entered the body. This was a male, about half-grown, being scarcely

three feet high. On April 26th, I was out shooting with two Dyaks, when we found another about the same size. It fell at the first shot, but did not seem much hurt, and immediately climbed up the nearest tree, when I fired, and it again fell, with a broken arm and a wound in the body. The two Dyaks now ran up to it, and each seized hold of a hand, telling me to cut a pole, and they would secure it. But although one arm was broken and it was only a half-grown animal, it was too strong for these young savages, drawing them up toward its mouth notwithstanding all their efforts, so that they were again obliged to let go, or they would have been seriously bitten. It now began climbing up the tree again; and, to avoid trouble, I shot it through the heart.

Only four days afterward some Dyaks saw another mias near the same place, and came to tell me. We found it to be a rather large one, very high up on a tall tree. At the second shot it fell rolling over, but almost immediately got up again and began to climb. At a third shot it fell dead. This was also a full-grown female, and, while preparing to carry it home, we found a young one face downward in the bog. This little creature was only about a foot long, and had evidently been hanging to its mother when she first fell. Luckily it did not appear to have been wounded, and after we had cleaned the mud out of its mouth it began to cry out, and seemed quite strong and active. While carrying it home it got its hands in my beard, and grasped so tightly that I had great difficulty in getting free, for the fingers are habitually bent inward at the last joint so as to form complete hooks. At this time it had not a single tooth, but a few days afterward it cut its two lower front teeth. Unfortunately, I had no milk to give it, as neither Malays, Chinese, nor Dyaks ever use the article, and I in vain inquired for any female animal that could suckle my little infant. I was therefore obliged to give it rice-water from a bottle with a quill in the cork, which after a few trials it learned to suck very well. This was very meagre diet, and the little creature did not

thrive well on it, although I added sugar and cocoa-nut milk occasionally, to make it more nourishing. When I put my finger in its mouth it sucked with great vigor, drawing in its cheeks with all its might in the vain effort to extract some milk, and only after persevering a long time would it give up in disgust, and set up a scream very like that of a baby in similar circumstances.

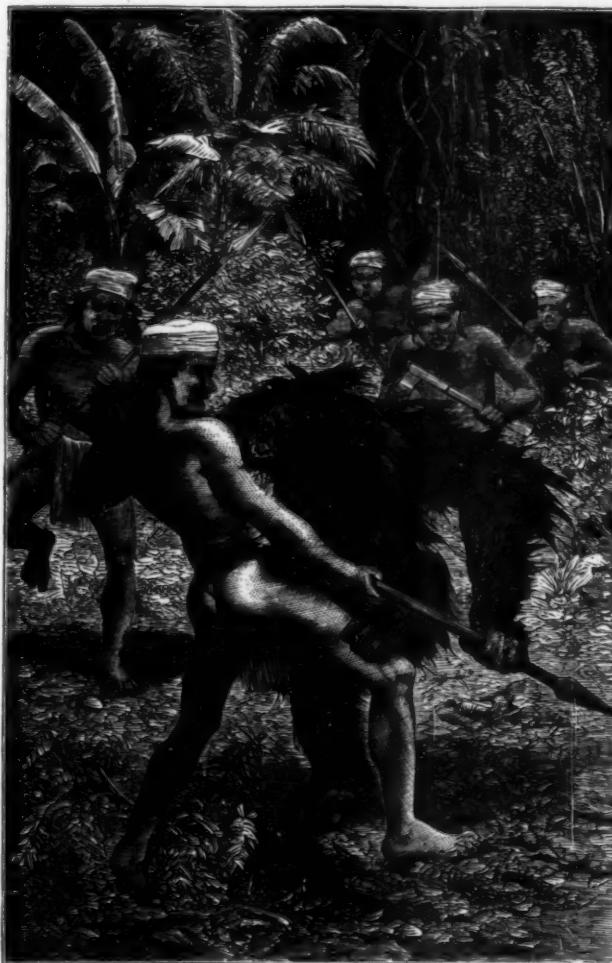
When handled or nursed, it was very quiet and contented, but when laid down by itself would invariably cry; and for the first few nights was very restless and noisy. I fitted up a little box for a cradle, with a soft mat for it to lie upon, which was changed and washed every day; and I soon found it necessary to wash the little mias as well. After I had done so a few times, it came to like the operation, and as soon as it was dirty would begin crying, and not leave off till I

took it out and carried it to the spout, when it immediately became quiet, although it would wince a little at the first rush of the cold water and make ridiculously wry faces while the stream was running over its head. It enjoyed the wiping and rubbing dry amazingly, and when I brushed its hair seemed to be perfectly happy, lying quite still with its arms and legs stretched out while I thoroughly brushed the long hair of its back and arms. For the first few days it clung desperately with all four hands to whatever it could lay hold of, and I had to be careful to keep my beard out of its way, as its fingers clutched hold of hair more tenaciously than any thing else, and it was impossible to free myself without assistance. When restless, it would struggle about with its hands up in the air trying to find something to take hold of, and, when it had got a bit of stick or rag in two or three of its hands, seemed quite happy. For want of something else, it would often seize its own feet, and after a time it would constantly cross its arms and grasp with each hand the long hair that grew just below the opposite shoulder.

After five weeks it cut its two upper front teeth, but in all this time it had not grown the least bit, remaining both in size and weight the same as when I first procured it. This was no doubt owing to the want of milk or other equally nourishing food. Rice-water, rice, and biscuits were but a poor substitute, and the expressed milk of the cocoanut which I sometimes gave it did not quite agree with its stomach. To this I imputed an attack of diarrhea from which the poor little creature suffered greatly, but a small dose of castor-oil operated well, and cured it. A week or two afterward it was again taken ill, and this time more seriously. The symptoms were exactly those of intermittent fever, accompanied by watery swellings on the feet and head. It lost all appetite for its food, and, after lingering for a week a most pitiable object, died, after being in my possession nearly three months. Exactly a week after I had caught this interesting little animal I succeeded in shooting a full-grown male orang-utan. I had just come

home from an entomologizing excursion when Charles* rushed in out of breath with running and excitement, and exclaimed, interrupted by gasps, "Get the gun, sir—be quick—such a large mias!" "Where is it?" I asked, taking hold of my gun as I spoke, which happened luckily to have one barrel loaded with ball. "Close by, sir—on the path to the mines—he can't get away." Two Dyaks chanced to be in the house at the time, so I called them to accompany me, and started off, telling Charley to bring all the ammunition after me as soon as possible. The path from our clearing to the mines led along the side of the hill a little way up its slope, and parallel with it at the foot a wide opening had been made for a road, in which several Chinamen were working,

* Charles Allen, an English lad of sixteen, accompanied me as an assistant.



Orang-Utan attacked by Dyaks.

so that the animal could not escape into the swampy forest below without descending to cross the road or ascending to get round the clearings. We walked cautiously along, not making the least noise, and listening attentively for any sound which might betray the presence of the mias, stopping at intervals to gaze upward. Charley soon joined us at the place where he had seen the creature, and, having taken the ammunition and put a bullet in the other barrel, we dispersed a little, feeling sure that it must be somewhere near, as it had probably descended the hill, and would not be likely to return again. After a short time I heard a very slight rustling sound overhead, but on gazing up could see nothing. I moved about in every direction to get a full view into every part of the tree under which I had been standing, when I again heard the same noise, but louder, and saw the leaves shaking as if caused by the motion of some heavy animal which moved off to an adjoining tree. I immediately shouted for all of them to come up and try and get a view, so as to allow me to have a shot. This was not an easy matter, as the mias had a knack of selecting places with dense foliage beneath. Very soon, however, one of the Dyaks called me and pointed upward, and on looking I saw a great red hairy body, and a huge black face gazing down from a great height, as if wanting to know what was making such a disturbance below. I instantly fired, and he made off at once, so that I could not then tell whether I had hit him.

He now moved very rapidly and very noiselessly, for so large an animal, so I told the Dyaks to follow and keep him in sight while I loaded. The jungle was here full of large angular fragments of rock from the mountain above, and thick with hanging and twisted creepers. Running, climbing, and creeping among these, we came up with the creature on the top of a high tree near the road, where the Chinamen had discovered him, and were shouting their astonishment with open mouth: "Ya Ya, Tuan; orang-utan, Tuan." Seeing that he could not pass here without descending, he turned up again toward the hill, and I got two shots, and following quickly had two more by the time he had again reached the path; but he was always more or less concealed by foliage, and protected by the large branch on which he was walking. Once while loading I had a splendid view of him, moving along a large limb of a tree in a semi-erect posture, and showing him to be an animal of the largest size. At the path, he got on to one of the loftiest trees in the forest, and we could see one leg hanging down useless, having been broken by a fall. He now fixed himself in a fork, where he was hidden by thick foliage, and seemed disinclined to move. I was afraid he would remain and die in this position, and as it was nearly evening I could not have got the tree cut down that day. I therefore fired again, and he then moved off, and going up the hill was obliged to get on to some lower trees, on the branches of one of which he fixed himself in such a position that he could not fall, and lay all in a heap, as if dead, or dying.

I now wanted the Dyaks to go up and cut off the branch he was resting on, but they were afraid, saying he was not dead, and would come and attack them. We then shook the adjoining tree, pulled the hanging creepers, and did all we could to disturb him, but without effect, so I thought it best to send for two Chinamen with axes to cut down the tree. While the messenger was gone, however, one of the Dyaks took courage and climbed toward him, but the mias did not wait for him to get near, moving off to another tree, where he got on to a dense mass of branches and creepers, which almost completely hid him from our view. The tree was luckily a small one, so when the axes came we soon had it cut through; but it was so held up by jungle ropes and climbers to adjoining trees that it only fell into a sloping position. The mias did not move, and I began to fear that after all we should not get him, as it was near evening, and half a dozen more trees would have to be cut down before the one he was on would fall. As a last resource we all began pulling at the creepers, which shook the tree very much, and, after a few minutes, when we had almost given up all hopes, down he came with a crash and a thud like the fall of a giant. And he was a giant, his head and body being full as large as a man's. He was of the kind called by the Dyaks "Mias Chappan," or "Mias Pappan," which has the skin of the face broadened out to a ridge or fold at each side. His outstretched arms measured seven feet three inches across, and his height, measuring fairly from the top of the head to the heel, was four feet two inches. The body just below the arms was three feet two inches round, and was quite as long as a man's, the legs being exceedingly short in proportion. On examination we found he had been dreadfully wounded. Both legs were bro-

ken, one hip-joint and the root of the spine completely shattered, and two bullets were found flattened in his neck and jaws! Yet he was still alive when he fell. The two Chinamen carried him home tied to a pole, and I was occupied, the whole of the next day, preparing the skin and boiling the bones to make a perfect skeleton, which are now preserved in the Museum at Derby.

About ten days after this, on June 4th, some Dyaks came to tell us that the day before a mias had nearly killed one of their companions. A few miles down the river there is a Dyak house, and the inhabitants saw a large orang feeding on the young shoots of a palm by the river-side. On being alarmed he retreated toward the jungle which was close by, and a number of the men, armed with spears and choppers, ran out to intercept him. The man who was in front tried to run his spear through the animal's body, but the mias seized it in his hands, and in an instant got hold of the man's arm, which he seized in his mouth, making his teeth meet in the flesh above the elbow, which he tore and lacerated in a dreadful manner. Had not the others been close behind, the man would have been more seriously injured, if not killed, as he was quite powerless; but they soon destroyed the creature with their spears and choppers. The man remained ill for a long time, and never fully recovered the use of his arm.

Three days after I had shot this one and lost it, Charles found three small orangs feeding together. We had a long chase after them, and had a good opportunity of seeing how they make their way from tree to tree, by always choosing those limbs whose branches are intermingled with those of some other tree, and then grasping several of the small twigs together before they venture to swing themselves across. Yet they do this so quickly and certainly, that they make way among the trees at the rate of full five or six miles an hour, as we had continually to run to keep up with them. One of these we shot and killed, but it remained high up in the fork of a tree; and, as young animals are of comparatively little interest, I did not have the tree cut down to get it.

The orang-utan is known to inhabit Sumatra and Borneo, and there is every reason to believe that it is confined to these two great islands, in the former of which, however, it seems to be much more rare. In Borneo it has a wide range, inhabiting many districts on the southwest, southeast, northeast, and northwest coasts, but appears to be chiefly confined to the low and swampy forests.

It is a singular and very interesting sight to watch a mias making his way leisurely through the forest. He walks deliberately along some of the larger branches, in the semi-erect attitude which the great length of his arms and the shortness of his legs cause him naturally to assume; and the disproportion between these limbs is increased by his walking on his knuckles, not on the palm of the hand as we should do. He seems always to choose those branches which intermingle with an adjoining tree, on approaching which he stretches out his long arms, and, seizing the opposing boughs, grasps them together with both hands, seems to try their strength, and then deliberately swings himself across to the next branch, on which he walks along as before. He never jumps or springs, or even appears to hurry himself, and yet manages to get along almost as quickly as a person can run through the forest beneath. The long and powerful arms are of the greatest use to the animal, enabling it to climb easily up the loftiest trees, to seize fruits and young leaves from slender boughs which will not bear its weight, and to gather leaves and branches with which to form its nest. It forms a peculiar nest when wounded, and it uses a similar one to sleep on almost every night. This is placed low down, however, on a small tree not more than from twenty to fifty feet from the ground, probably because it is warmer and less exposed to wind than higher up. Each mias is said to make a fresh one for himself every night; but I should think that is hardly probable, or their remains would be much more abundant; for, though I saw several about the coal-mines, there must have been many orangs about every day, and in a year their deserted nests would become very numerous. The Dyaks say that, when it is very wet, the mias covers himself over with leaves of pandanus, or large ferns, which has perhaps led to the story of his making a hut in the trees.

The orang does not leave his bed till the sun has well risen, and has dried up the dew upon the leaves. He feeds all through the middle of the day, but seldom returns to the same tree two days running. They do not seem much alarmed at man, as they often stared down upon me for several minutes, and then only moved away

slowly to an adjacent tree. After seeing one, I have often had to go half a mile or more to fetch my gun, and in nearly every case have found it on the same tree, or within a hundred yards, when I returned. I never saw two full-grown animals together, but both males and females are sometimes accompanied by half-grown young ones, while, at other times, three or four young ones were seen in company. Their food consists almost exclusively of fruit, with occasionally leaves, buds, and young shoots. They seem to prefer unripe fruits, some of which were very sour, others intensely bitter, particularly the large red, fleshy arillus of one which seemed an especial favorite. In other cases they eat only the small seed of a large fruit, and they almost always waste and destroy more than they eat, so that there is a continual rain of rejected portions below the tree they are feeding on. The durian is an especial favorite, and quantities of this delicious fruit are destroyed wherever it grows surrounded by forest, but they will not cross clearings to get at them. It seems wonderful how the animal can tear open this fruit, the outer covering of which is so thick and tough, and closely covered with strong conical spines. It probably bites off a few of these first, and then, making a small hole, tears open the fruit with its powerful fingers.

The mias rarely descends to the ground, except when, pressed by hunger, it seeks for succulent shoots by the river-side; or, in very dry weather, has to search after water, of which it generally finds sufficient in the hollows of leaves. Once only I saw two half-grown orangs on the ground in a dry hollow at the foot of the Simunjon hill. They were playing together, standing erect, and grasping each other by the arms. It may be safely stated, however, that the orang never walks erect, unless when using its hands to support itself by branches overhead or when attacked. Representations of its walking with a stick are entirely imaginary.

The Dyaks all declare that the mias is never attacked by any animal in the forest, with two rare exceptions; and the accounts I received of these are so very curious that I give them nearly in the words of my informants, old Dyak chiefs, who had lived all their lives in the places where the animal is most abundant. The first of whom I inquired said: "No animal is strong enough to hurt the mias, and the only creature he ever fights with is the crocodile. When there is no fruit in the jungle, he goes to seek food on the banks of the river, where there are plenty of young shoots that he likes, and fruits that grow close to the water. Then the crocodile sometimes tries to seize him, but the mias gets upon him, and beats him with his hands and feet, and tears him and kills him." He added that he had once seen such a fight, and that he believes that the mias is always the victor.

My next informant was the Orang Kaya, or chief of the Balow Dyaks, on the Simunjon River. He said: "The mias has no enemies; no animals dare attack it but the crocodile and the python. He always kills the crocodile by main strength, standing upon it, pulling open its jaws, and ripping up its throat. If a python attacks a mias, he seizes it with his hands, and then bites it, and soon kills it. The mias is very strong; there is no animal in the jungle so strong as he."

RUSSIAN POPULAR LEGENDS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE feeling with which Russian peasants regard the devil is a strange compound of horror and something approaching sympathy. They believe in him religiously, but the terrible idea they ought to have of him appears to have been considerably modified by their natural kindness and their keen sense of humor. Now and then even an almost friendly sentiment may be traced in the allusions to him contained in the popular legends. In one of them, for instance, a little devil robs a peasant of the bread he had intended for his dinner. Coming to the spot where he had left the loaf, the peasant finds it has vanished. "Here's a wonder!" says the moujik, "I've seen nobody, and yet some one has taken my bread. Well, good luck to him! I dare say I shall not starve." The little devil goes and tells Satan, who feels uncomfortable at the idea of a man having been robbed who not only does not curse the thief, but even wishes him good luck. So he tells the inferior demon to go back and work for the peasant, so as to recompense him for the loss of his bread. The demon returns and manages so well that the peasant becomes a pros-

perous agriculturist. From such stories as these it seems as if the devil was supposed sometimes to assist the honest and sober, but he has the character of being always on the lookout for drunkards and ever ready to do them a bad turn. In one of the stories a man is described as being so poor that he is driven to take to sorcery. This brings him much into contact with devils, and he becomes on very friendly terms with them. Eventually he seeks a wife for his son amongst them, and they offer him a young female drunkard whom they have carried off to live with them. He accepts the proposal, but at the wedding-feast he hears Satan condemn a disobedient devil to the "gossip's bedstead." "What is that?" inquires the peasant. "It's a bedstead," is the reply, "intended for us devils and for all who have any thing to do with us. It's all on fire, and it goes running round and round on wheels." On hearing this, the peasant turns pious on the spot, and repents him of his unholy practices.

But perhaps the most curious of the stories of this class is that of "The Blacksmith and the Devil." There was once a blacksmith who was greatly struck by the figure of the devil—jet black, with horns and tail—as it appeared in the picture of the Last Judgment which hung in the village church. So he hired an artist to paint just such a devil for him on the doors of his smithy; and, every day, before beginning his work, he used to look at it and say, "Good-day, fellow-countryman!" At the end of ten years he died and was succeeded by his son, who never would say a civil word to the devil. On the contrary, he branded the image on the door every morning, and spat in its face on every church-festival. The devil bore this for a long time, but at the end of three years he could stand it no more. So he took the form of a youth and offered himself as a journeyman to the blacksmith, who accepted his services and soon found them invaluable. A month passed by, and one day the journeyman found himself alone in the smithy, just as an old lady came by in her carriage. Immediately he began crying aloud in the street, "There's a new business set up here; old people can be made young." The next moment the old lady was in the smithy, asking how much the process cost. "Two hundred rubles," was the reply. "There, take the money, and make me young again." So the devil took the money, and sent the old lady's coachman in quest of a bath of milk. Meanwhile he seized the old lady by the feet with his pincers, and dropped her into the furnace, where she was burned up, so that only her bones remained. These he threw into the milk when it arrived, and three minutes afterward the old lady emerged from the bath—alive, and young, and beautiful. The first thing she did on arriving at home was to send her husband to be made young also. The old gentleman went to the smithy and found the proprietor there alone, for the journeyman had disappeared. The blacksmith was naturally astonished at being desired to make the seigneur young again; but, when the process employed by his journeyman had been explained to him, he thought he might as well subject the old gentleman to it, especially as he was threatened with punishment if he refused to do so. So he placed him on the fire and consumed all but his bones, and these he flung into the bath of milk. But nothing came of these proceedings; the milk remained untroubled, and no old gentleman made his appearance either old or young. Down came the lady in her carriage after a time to ask, "Will my husband soon be ready?" When she heard what had taken place, she ordered her husband's murderer to be hanged at once. Immediately a gibbet was prepared, and the blacksmith was on his way to execution, when the journeyman suddenly reappeared. Going up to his unfortunate master, he made known who he really was, and then offered to set every thing right again if the blacksmith would promise to treat him respectfully for the future. A bargain was struck on the spot. The journeyman performed some mystical ceremonies over the milk, and the old seigneur was immediately restored to life, youth, and beauty. The lady was satisfied, and the smith was released. From that day forward he never ventured to maltreat the devil's picture in any way whatever.

One of the strangest characteristics of the Russian peasant is that, while he has the profoundest reverence for his religion, he very often has but little for its ministers. He is ready enough to bow down to the ground before a priest, but it is the office he reveres, and not the man. The ordinary Greek pope possesses little of the personal influence which the Roman priest generally enjoys, and even the prelates of his church do not always strike any great awe into the mind of the moujik, devout as he really is, and ever delighted to receive their benediction. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising to find

ecclesiastics described in very uncomplimentary terms in the stories which best please the common people in Russia. Here is a good specimen of the satires on priests, one which was found current, with slight variations, in different provinces: A certain pope served St. Nicholas for many years, but at last he found himself on the brink of starvation. So he tied all the church-keys together, and soundly thumped his patron's picture with them. Then he left the church, and wandered away where chance led him. After a time he met an old man, and agreed to become his companion. When they halted at night, it appeared that the pope had some biscuits with him, and the old man had two consecrated loaves. So the pope proposed they should first eat the loaves and then the biscuits. The old man consented, but it turned out that the loaves were miraculous, for they did not diminish, although the two companions supped heartily off them. This greatly astonished the pope, and, in the middle of the night, he got up and stole them. When the old man awoke and found his loaves had gone, he accused the pope of stealing them; but the thief denied any knowledge of the theft, and the old man put up quietly with his loss. The two companions continued their journey, and eventually came to a country where the king had a daughter who was so ill that he had promised great riches to any one who could cure her. The old man went with the pope to the king, said that he and his friend were foreign doctors, and undertook to cure the princess. So the invalid was handed over to him, and he took a sharp knife and cut her into little pieces, apparently without hurting her, for she uttered no cry. Then he washed the fragments in water, and afterward put them together and breathed on them. And, after he had breathed on them three times, the princess came to life, all safe and sound. The king was delighted, and offered the two doctors as much gold and silver as they liked. The old man took only a handful, but the pope stowed away as much as he could possibly carry. After a time the two companions came to another country, in which the king's daughter lay ill. But this time the greedy pope thought he would perform the cure alone, and reap all the reward. So he went to the palace, and obtained leave to operate on the princess. But, when he began to cut her into little bits, she screamed terribly, and continued to do so in spite of his remonstrances. At last, however, he succeeded in cutting her up, but, when he tried to bring her back to life, he failed utterly. So when the king came to look for his daughter, and found her turned into minced meat, he ordered the impostor to be hanged. When on his way to the scaffold, the pope was met by the old man. "Help me, old man!" he cried. "Who stole my loaves?" said the old man. "Not I, Heaven help me!" replied the pope. When he was mounting the steps he was again asked by the old man, "Who stole my loaves?" "Not I, Heaven help me!" was again his reply. As they put the noose round his neck, he a third time heard the question, "Who stole my loaves?" and he still replied, "Not I, Heaven help me!" Then the old man besought the king to postpone the execution, promising to cure the princess himself. The king consented, and the old man soon produced the princess in perfect health, whereupon the king was so delighted, that he not only pardoned the pope, but gave him much gold and silver. "Let us go and divide our money," said the old man. So they went away, and presently they stopped, and put all their gains together. These the old man divided into three portions. "Why so?" said the pope; "there are only two of us. For whom is the third heap?" "That is for him who stole my loaves!" said the old man. "I stole them," instantly exclaimed the pope. "There are the two portions for you, then, and take mine too. Go and serve faithfully in your parish; don't be greedy; and don't thump Nicholas with the keys." Thus spake the old man, and suddenly vanished.

It is generally St. Nicholas who comes to the aid of the distressed, sometimes assisting them even at the expense of a brother saint. In one of these legends, for instance, he is described as walking with the prophet Elijah through the fields of a peasant who held the saint in great reverence, but treated the prophet with marked disrespect. Elijah observes that he is going to punish the fellow soundly. So Nicholas privately warns the peasant, who, by the saint's advice, sells the crop as it stands to the priest of Elijah's church. A few days later, Elijah points with glee to the peasant's ruined crop—Elijah, as the peasants are well aware, directs the storms, the sound of the thunder being caused by the rumble of his fiery chariot, and the lightning by its blaze. Then Nicholas tells him that it is his own priest who has suffered, not the peasant. Elijah is sorry, and says he will

make the crop twice as good as before. Nicholas tells the peasant, who cancels the bargain with the priest, paying back half the purchase-money. Elijah soon after shows to Nicholas with delight the waving crop on the peasant's land. Then Nicholas tells him that his priest has no longer any interest in the matter. Elijah is very angry, and threatens some terrible reprisals, the nature of which he will not disclose. Nicholas perceives the matter is becoming serious, so he advises the peasant to get reconciled with the angry prophet. The next day, as the holy companions are walking along, they meet the peasant, who is carrying two candles—one very big, the other very small. "What have you got there?" asks Nicholas, pretending not to know. "Why, I've got a rifle candle for Elijah the prophet," says the peasant; "he's been so good to me. The hail ruined my crop, but he has managed to make it twice as good as it was at first; and I've got a kopeck candle, too, for Nicholas." This pleased Elijah so much that he gave up all idea of punishing the peasant, who, on his side, ever after honored the prophet's day as well as the saint's.

We are approaching the limits of our allotted space, and several of the stories we had marked for extraction still remain unnoticed. One of the most striking of these is "The Soldier and Death," which has many points in common with corresponding German traditions. A soldier, who had served for five-and-twenty years without getting his discharge, deserted. And, as he went, he met the Lord, to whom he told his story. Then the Lord said, "As thou hast served faithfully for five-and-twenty years, enter into Paradise." So the soldier went into Paradise, and at first he was delighted, but, after a time, he went up to the Holy Fathers, and asked, "Do they sell tobacco here?" "How, soldier, tobacco? this is Paradise." The soldier held his peace, and went back and walked about Paradise. Then he returned a second time to the Holy Fathers, and asked, "Is there any one near here who sells brandy?" "Ah, soldier, how could there be brandy here? This is Paradise, the kingdom of heaven." "What sort of Paradise is this? neither tobacco nor brandy!" said the soldier, and walked out of Paradise. Then the Lord sent him into Hell, and, as soon as he got there, he called for brandy and tobacco. So the devils brought him a pipe and half a bottle of spirit of peppermint, and he smoked and drank and enjoyed himself, saying, "This is Paradise indeed!" But, after a little time, the devils began to annoy him terribly. So he made a long wand, and began measuring, first one way, and then the other. "What are you about, soldier?" asked the devils. "Can't you see? I am going to build a monastery." Then the prince of the devils was frightened, and desired to get rid of him, but didn't know how. At last, however, he seized a little devil, skinned him, and made a drum out of his skin. Then he stood just outside the gates of Hell, and beat the alarm on the drum. The soldier came running out at once, and the devils immediately slammed the doors to, and shut him out. So the soldier went back to the Lord, and obtained the post of a sentry. While he was on guard, Death came to the gates, in quest of orders. The soldier went in to ask the Lord, and was told to command Death to go about killing the old people for three years. But, the soldier thought of his aged parents, and told Death to go and kill the old trees for three years. Death went away to carry out this unexpected order, weeping bitterly. At the end of the appointed time, she returned, and was again tricked by the soldier, who sends her back to the forest. This occurred three times, and, when Death reappeared, was so reduced, that she could scarcely drag herself along. Then, at last, she obtained an interview with the Lord, who ordered the soldier to carry her for nine years on his shoulders. The story goes on to describe a number of other tricks played off on Death by the soldier before he succumbed to her himself.

One more story, and we will conclude. A certain toper dies, and his soul flies up to Paradise, and begins knocking at the gates. Then the apostle Peter comes to see who is there, and orders the noisy applicant to be off, saying, that perpetual torments are reserved for drunkards like him. But the toper bids the saint to remember how he denied his Master, and adds, "If it hadn't been for your tears and repentance, you wouldn't be now in Paradise—but I always drank on all holydays, and, at each gulp, I blessed the name of the Lord, and never denied Him." So St. Peter retires disconcerted. The next day a similar scene takes place, only, this time, it is David who comes to the gate, and him the toper discomfits by bidding him remember how he had served Uriah. On the third day the toper returns to the gate, and is met by St. John the Evangelist, who wishes to consign him to unquenchable fire. But the toper says, "Oh, my Lord John the Evan-

gelist, didn't you write in your Gospel that we should love one another? but now you hate me, and won't let me live in Paradise. Either deny your own handwriting, or else tear that leaf, which you wrote yourself, out of the book." On hearing this, St. John goes away and tells St. Peter to let that man enter into Paradise.

The specimens we have here given will be sufficient to convey some idea of the branch of folk-lore to which the Russian legends belong. Before very many years have elapsed they will probably, for the most part, have died out of the rustic mind, and will be treasured up only by the learned. The Russian peasant is still sufficiently superstitious, but he is beginning to evince a desire to emerge from that state of total ignorance which, in other days, favored the growth of various strange forms of belief, generally grotesque, but sometimes dignified by a touch of poetry and pathos. With the progress of that enlightenment by which it is to be hoped that Russia is about to benefit, the unsubstantial figures in which morbid forms of faith found apparent embodiment will naturally fade away and disappear. Then such stories as those we have quoted will possess an added interest, serving, as they will, to illustrate the state of popular belief in Russia in those dark ages of her history when her common people were little better than slaves, and the religion of the masses was a somewhat heathenish form of Christianity.

LETTERS OF BISMARCK TO HIS WIFE.

THE second volume of the so-called "Bismarck Book," a very clever biography of the illustrious Prussian premier, by George Hesekiel, for which Bismarck himself furnished most of the materials, and the first volume of which achieved, a few months ago, a great popularity in Germany, will be published this spring in Berlin. It will contain a number of letters written by Count Bismarck to his wife, some of which we are now enabled to lay before our readers. We believe these letters, which Bismarck penned in the year 1852, during a diplomatic mission to the imperial court at Buda-Pesth, will excite the more interest as they show us the great Prussian statesman in an entirely new light—that of a brilliant and graceful writer, evidently endowed with much wit and humor, and a very lively and fervid imagination.

Bismarck to his Wife.

"OPEN, June 23, 1852.

"I have just stepped from the steamboat, and do not know how to turn to better account the few moments remaining to me, until Hildebrand overtakes me with my luggage, than by sending you a little sign of life from this very eastern, but withal very beautiful, part of the world. The emperor has been gracious enough to assign to me quarters at his palace, and here I am sitting in a spacious arched hall at the open window, listening to the sweet evening bells of Pesth. The view is perfectly delightful. The palace is situated at a considerable elevation; underneath me there is, in the first place, the Danube, with its splendid chain bridge; behind it, I see Pesth, and farther on, beyond Pesth, the endless plain bathed in a flood of bluish-red evening hues. To the left of Pesth, I can look up the Danube; at a great distance on my left, that is to say, on the right bank, it is fringed, in the first place, by the city of Ofen; then follow mountains, blue and bluer, and finally brownish-red, in the evening sky glowing behind them. Between the two cities, there lies the broad sheet of water, as at Linz, broken by the chain bridge and a wooded island. The journey to this city, too—at all events, that from Gran to Pesth—would have delighted you. Imagine the Odenwald and Taunus moved close together, and the interval between them filled with the water of the Danube. The most unpleasant feature of the journey was the sun, which was as scorching as if Tokay were to grow on board the steamboat; and the number of passengers was enormous, but—can you believe it?—there were among them no English tourists whatever. I suppose they have not yet discovered Hungary. For the rest, there were among the passengers plenty of queer-looking fellows—representatives of all Oriental and Occidental nations, dirty ones as well as clean ones. My principal fellow-traveller was a very amiable general, with whom I sat and smoked almost all the time on the paddle-box. I am gradually growing impatient in consequence of Hildebrand's non-

arrival; I am lying in the window, gazing sentimentally at the moon and waiting for Hildebrand as eagerly as if he were a dearly-beloved sweetheart; for I am longing for—a clean shirt. I wish you were here for a few moments, and could now see the glimmering silver mirror of the Danube, the dark mountains upon the pale-red ground, and the countless lights gleaming up from Pesth. As the Hungarians have it, you would not sell Vienna, when compared with Buda-Pesth, at a very high price. You see, I am also an enthusiastic admirer of fine scenery. Hildebrand has arrived at last; I shall now soothe my excited blood by means of a cup of tea, and then go to bed.

"Last night I got but four hours' sleep; but the court consists of very early risers, the young emperor always rising already at five; so I should be a bad courtier if I should sleep much longer. Therefore, with a sidelong glance at a gigantic teapot, and a tempting tray with cold meats and preserves which I see is ready for me, I bid you good night from this distant place. I wonder where I heard the song which I have been thinking of and humming all day long to-day—"Over the blue mountain, over the white sea-foam, come thou, beloved one, come to thy lonely home!" I do not know who may have sung it to me in 'auld lang-syne.'

"June 24th.

"After sleeping very well, though on a 'cuneiform' pillow, I bid you good-morning. The whole landscape before me floats in such a flood of burning sunlight, that I can hardly look out without getting dazzled. Until the time for paying my visits is at hand, I shall sit here, breakfasting and smoking, in a very spacious suite of four rooms, all of them arched and solidly built. Two of them are about as large as our dining-room; they have walls as thick as those of our house at Schoenhausen; they contain gigantic black-walnut clothes-presses, and the furniture is covered with blue silken stuff. On the floor I see a profusion of very large black spots, which an imagination more heated than mine might take for blood, but which I most decidedly declare to be ink; an incredibly awkward and clumsy scribe must have lived here, or another Luther may have repeatedly flung large inksstands at the Evil One.

"A very pleasant old servant in a light-yellow livery assists Hildebrand in waiting on me. For the rest, everybody here is exceedingly amiable. In honor of the king's ambassador, the steamboat sailed yesterday under the large Prussian flag; and, thanks to the telegraph, a royal equipage was waiting for me at the landing. Do not mention it to N. N.; otherwise he would write newspaper articles about it. Below I see the queerest and wildest brown figures, with broad-brimmed hats and immense trousers, floating on long rafts down the Danube. I am sorry that I am no limner; these wild, mustached, long-haired faces, with the flashing black eyes, and the picturesque drapery hanging around them, I should like to have sketched for you, as I saw them all day long yesterday. But now I must close, and attend to my visits. I do not know when you will receive these lines; I shall probably send to-morrow, or day after to-morrow, a courier to Berlin, who may take them along.

"In the evening.

"I have not yet had an opportunity to forward these letters. The lights are gleaming up again from Pesth; lightning is flashing in the horizon toward the Theiss; but the sky above us is clear and starlit. I have worn my uniform nearly all day; at a private audience I presented my credentials to the young sovereign of this country, who made a very agreeable impression on me. After dinner the whole court made an excursion into the mountains—to the 'Beautiful Shepherdess'; she has, however, been dead for ever so long; King Mathias Corvinus loved her several hundred years ago. We had there—beyond the wooded heights, resembling those on the banks of the Neckar—a fine view of Ofen, its mountains, and the plain. A national festival had attracted thither a concourse of thousands of people; they were thronging around the emperor who mingled with them, while they cheered him with deafening *ejzen's*, danced csardas and waltzes, sung, played, climbed the trees, and crowded around the members of the court. On a grassy slope there had been set a supper-table of about twenty covers, which, however, were laid on only one side of the table, that the prospect of the forest, castle, city, and plain, might be left free. Above us, there were tall beeches, with Hungarians climbing in the branches; behind us, and, moreover, very close by, a crowded, surging mass of people; farther on, buglers playing plaintive airs, and singers performing wild gypsy melodies. The illumination, the moonlight, the reddish hues left behind by the sun, the torches in the

forest—all might have figured, without any change whatever, as a very effective scene in a romantic opera. Beside me sat the white-haired Archbishop of Gran, the Primate of Hungary, in his black silken robe and red surplice; on the other side I had a very amiable and elegant cavalry officer. The picture, you see, abounded in contrasts. We then rode home in the moonlight, escorted by torch-bearers. Tell Mme. de V—— that her brother is a very amiable man; what I knew of his two sisters caused me to expect this. I just received a telegram from Berlin, containing only the word 'No.' A momentous word! They have told to me to-day all about the assault which the insurgents made, three years ago, upon this castle, on which occasion the gallant General Hentzi and the whole garrison, after a marvellously intrepid defence, were put to the sword. The black spots on my floor are, in great part, burns; and where I am now writing to you exploding shells were bobbing around at that time, and there was a terrible hand-to-hand fight on the smoking ruins. It was not until a few weeks since that the castle was fitted up again for the reception of the young emperor. Now, every thing up here is very quiet and comfortable; I hear only the ticking of a large clock and the distant roll of carriages below. I hope angels may be watching over you; as for me, a grenadier with a busby on his head is performing that duty; I see six inches of his bayonet, at two arm's lengths, protruding above my window-board. He stands on the terrace above the Danube, and is probably thinking of his 'Nanni.'

"SZOLNOK, June 27, 1852.

"In our atlases you will find a map of Hungary, and on it the Theiss River; and, if you will follow that up to its source, beyond Szegedin, you will see a place named Szolnok. I rode, yesterday, on the cars from Pesth to Alberti-Josa, where a Prince W——, who is married to a Princess of M——, has his headquarters. I waited upon the princess, in order to be able to inform —— how she was doing. The place is situated on the edge of the Hungarian steppes, between the Danube and Theiss, which I was anxious to see. I was not allowed to travel without an escort, inasmuch as gangs of mounted robbers, who are here called Betyares, infested that part of the country. After dispatching an excellent breakfast, in the shade of a lime-tree like ours at Schoenhausen, I mounted a very low country wagon, with straw sacks, and drawn by three steppe-horses. The lancers loaded their carbines, vaulted into the saddle, and we set out at the full gallop. Hildebrand and a Hungarian valet occupied the front sack, and the driver, a dusky peasant with a mustache, a broad-brimmed hat, long, glossy-black hair, and a shirt terminating above the stomach, and leaving visible six inches of his dark skin, up to the place where the trousers commence; each leg of these trousers is large enough to serve as a woman's petticoat, and they reach down to the knees, where the spurred boots commence. Fancy a very solid, grassy plain, as level as a table, on which you see, for many miles, up to the horizon, nothing but the tall, naked poles of the wells dug for the half-wild horses and oxen—thousands of brown-and-white oxen, with horns as long as our arms, and as fleet-footed as game—of shaggy, repulsive horses, guarded by mounted, half-naked herdsmen with lance-like sticks—immense herds of swine, among which there may always be discerned a donkey bearing the swineherd's fur-robe (*bunda*), and occasionally himself—then large numbers of bustards, hares, and mole-like shrew-mice—now and then a small pond with brackish water, at which are to be seen flocks of geese, ducks, and plovers—such were the objects which darted past us, and which we darted past, during the three hours in which we performed the thirty-two miles to Ketskemet, stopping a short time at a *csarda* (a wayside inn). Ketskemet is a village, whose streets, when one does not see any of the inhabitants, reminded me of the small end of Schoenhausen, only it has forty-five thousand inhabitants, unpaved streets, and low houses, closed, in the Oriental style, toward the sun, with large cattle-yards. A foreign ambassador was such an unusual visitor there, and my Magyar valet alluded to me so often as 'His Excellency,' that a guard of honor was immediately furnished to me; the authorities waited on me, and fresh horses were ordered to be put to my carriage. I passed the evening with the very amiable officers of the garrison, who insisted on my taking along an escort for the remainder of my trip, and told me a great many stories about highway robbers and murderers. The part of the country which I was bound for, they said, was most infested by robbers in the swamps and deserts on the bank of the Theiss, where it was well-nigh impossible for the government to exterminate them. They are splendidly mounted and armed, these Betyares, and attack travellers and

farm-houses in gangs of from fifteen to twenty men, and next day they are already seventy or eighty miles away. Decent people they always treat very politely. Most of my funds I had left with Prince W——; I had taken with me only some linen, and, to tell you the truth, I was rather anxious to form the acquaintance of these mounted robbers in their long fur robes, with double-barrelled rifles in their hands, and pistols in their belts, whose leaders are said to wear black masks, and not unfrequently belong to the petty country nobility. A few days ago some gendarmes had fallen in a skirmish with them; but, in return, two of the robbers had been caught, and, after a trial by a drum-head court-martial, shot. Such things never occur in our tedious country. At the time you awoke this morning, you hardly imagined that I and Hildebrand were speeding at a terrible gallop at that very moment across the steppe in Kumania, between Teleghaza and Csnygrad. Beside me sat an amiable, sunburnt officer of the lancers; our loaded pistols were lying in the hay before us, and a squad of lancers, with their cocked carbines in their hands, were galloping behind us. Three fleet-footed little horses were drawing our vehicle; they are always called *Ross Csillek* (Star), and *Betyare* (Vagabond). The driver incessantly calls them by name, and speaks to them in a beseeching tone, until he holds the handle of his whip obliquely over his head, and shouts, 'Mega, mega!' (stop!), when the gallop grows more furious than ever. Oh, such a ride is splendid! The robbers did not make their appearance; my nice, amiable lieutenant told me they must have known already before daybreak that I was travelling with an escort; but he was quite sure that there were some of them among the dignified-looking peasants who gravely contemplated us at the stations in their long and sleeveless sheepskin cloaks, and saluted us with an unctuous 'Item adiamak!' (God be praised!). The heat was very oppressive all day, and my face is as red as a crayfish. I performed nearly eighty miles in twelve hours, from which from two to three hours, and perhaps more, have to be deducted on account of the changing of the horses—the twelve horses which I and the escort needed having to be caught in the plain. One-third of the road, moreover, was as sandy as the downs at Stolpmünde. At five I arrived at this place, where a motley throng of Hungarians, Slavonians, and Wallachians enlivens the streets (Szolnok is a village of about six thousand inhabitants, but a railroad and steamboat station on the Theiss), and the wildest and craziest gypsy melodies fall on my ears as I am sitting in my room. They sing through their noses, and with their mouths distended to their utmost, in sickly, plaintive strains, stories about black eyes and the gallant death of a robber, in tones reminding me of the storm-howling Lettian airs in the chimney. The women, in the main, are well-proportioned, and some of them are surpassingly beautiful; all of them have very black hair, bound in braids behind, and interwoven with red ribbons. What with their bright-green and red handkerchiefs, or gold-embroidered caps of red velvet on their heads, very beautiful yellow shawls, a silken handkerchief around their shoulders and breasts, very short black or deep-blue petticoats, and high red-morocco boots, and, with their dark complexion, and large and flashing black eyes, a group of these women always presents a variegated spectacle which would please you, every color of their dress being as striking and bright as it could be. After my arrival at five o'clock, while waiting for my dinner, I bathed in the Theiss, saw the people dance the *csarda*, and regretted that I was no limner so as to be able to sketch for you the wild figures I saw here; then I dined on *paprica hähordel stirl* (fish) and *kick*, drank some Hungarian wine, wrote to you, and now want to go to bed, if the gypsy music will allow me to sleep. Good-night. *Item adiamak!*"

"PESTH, June 28, 1852.

"Again I see the Open Mountains, but this time from the Pesth side, that is to say, from below. In the plain which I have just left, the blue outlines of the Carpathian Mountains were seen only now and then, and, when the air was very clear, at a distance of from twelve to fifteen geographical miles. Toward the south and east the plain remained seemingly endless; and, in the former direction, it extends far into Turkey; in the latter into Transylvania. The heat was terrible again to-day; it has perfectly scorched the skin of my face. Now there is a warm hurricane, sweeping so impetuously across the steppe that it causes the houses to tremble. I have bathed in the Danube, looked at the magnificent chain bridge from below, paid some visits, heard very excellent gypsy music on the promenade, and will soon go to bed. The scenery of the Pusztas, where it begins to be little more cultivated, reminded me of Pomerania, especially of the country in the

neighborhood of Rommelow, Romaher, and Coseger. The faces of the gypsies are grayish-black; their costumes are perfectly fabulous. The children go entirely naked, except that they wear strings of beads around their necks. Two of the women had beautiful, regular features, and they were cleaner and better dressed than the men. When the Hungarians wish to encore a dance, they exclaim, in seeming astonishment, ' *Hody wöl? Hody!*' (How was that? How?), and look at one another inquiringly, as if they had not understood it right, although they know the music by heart. They are a singular people in every respect, but I like them very well. My escort of lancers was not so bad after all. At the same time when I left Ketskemet, in a southern direction, sixty-three wagons set out for Körös, in the north. Two hours afterward they were stopped and plundered. The robbers fired a few bullets after a colonel who happened to drive at the head of this caravan, and refused to halt; one of his horses was shot through the neck, but it did not fall; and, as the colonel and his servants, as they drove away at the full gallop, returned the fire, the fellows preferred to content themselves with what booty they might obtain from the other travellers. They did not hurt anybody, but robbed some persons; they do not take every thing from their victims, but demand of every one a sum corresponding with his fortune and their own wants. For instance, when asking for forty florins, they allow the travellers to pay them that sum from a wallet containing one thousand florins, without touching the remainder. So they are not such very bad robbers after all."

THE CULTURE OF THE SILK-WORM.

IN Louis Figuer's "Insect World" there is a collection of the most valuable known facts in regard to the rearing of silk-worms, and the preparation of silk in its earlier stages. These caterpillars, which become moths, have gained the designation of "the dog of insects," because they have been domesticated from the most ancient times, and have lost a great part of their strength in the process. The cultivated moth is not strong enough to sustain itself in the air, nor even on the leaves of the mulberry, when they are agitated by the wind. The female, always motionless, seems ignorant that she has wings. The male, when on the ground, flutters around his companion, but no longer flies. After three generations of rearing in the open air, the males recover their lost power.

The history of silk cultivation loses itself in antiquity; but China is generally given the credit of possessing the first knowledge on this subject. The name of the Empress Ti-ling-chi is even mentioned as the one who first succeeded in rearing the worms and in unwinding the silk. This is said to have been two thousand six hundred years before our era; and it is also said that, prior to that discovery, the Celestials wore the skins of beasts for clothes. It is questionable if this empress is not a myth, and only a Chinese Ceres who represents the birth and growth of this important agricultural or insect industry. It is certain that the old emperors protected the mulberry-trees by stringent decrees, which encouraged their cultivation and punished their destruction. The exportation of the eggs of the silk-worm was strictly forbidden.

Babylon and India had their silks at very early dates, but probably obtained the material from China.

In the time of Alexander the Great, silk was worth its weight in gold, and was woven so thin, that the women of Greece were scarcely covered by the delicate tissues. Julius Caesar introduced it into Rome, and sometimes replaced the coarse cloth, used to keep sun and rain from the amphitheatres, with the silks of the Orient. The populace murmured at the taxes involved in the cost, but applauded the greatness which could provide such shows.

Constantinople and Greece furnished Europe with silk-worms for centuries. In the eighth century the Arabs introduced them into Spain. From Greece the caterpillars were taken to Sicily during one of the frequent wars, and thence the art of making silk spread over Italy. France saw this element of her national wealth grow up in the reign of Henry IV.

The silk-worm has nothing alluring in its appearance; it is like an humble workman in a white blouse, with nothing brilliant in its own dress, but giving the whole world its most beautiful and gorgeous array. The body of the silk-worm has thirteen distinct segments. In the front are three pairs of articulated legs; in the middle and

toward the posterior part are five pairs of membranous legs, furnished with a circle of very fine bristles, which assist the animal to hook itself on to leaves and stalks. On the two sides of its body are eighteen stigmata, or respiratory mouths. Its process of gnawing and absorbing the mulberry-leaf is very peculiar. The mouth is provided with six small articulated pieces; a hollow in the upper lip receives the edge of the leaf, and beneath two large jaws cut the leaf as a pair of scissors. Underneath, weaker jaws divide the fragments, and a small organ, articulated on each jaw, pushes them back toward the mouth, and prevents the smallest fragment of the leaf from falling. The leaf, passing into glands, is converted into silk by processes unknown to man. Efforts have been made to obtain silk directly from the mulberry-leaf, but without success, the organs of the insect being laboratories which art cannot substitute. It was once hoped that, by taking from the body of the worm the viscous matter in the glands, silk could be formed. A very inferior, almost worthless, thread was obtained; but it was evident that the silk must not only be elaborated, but emitted by the worm itself. The worm moults several times; in each successive stage it changes its color, and is always remarkably voracious just before the time for moulting. The last interval is the longest, and just before the termination of its caterpillar existence it eats with extraordinary activity. Where there is a large collection of them, the noise their jaws make is like a heavy shower of rain. When the time draws near for its metamorphosis into a chrysalis, the worm becomes restless, wanders away from its food, which it never did before, and seeks for a suitable place in which to establish its cocoon. It begins this task by throwing from different sides threads destined for fixing the cocoon; the proper space having been ascertained by this means, the worm begins to unwind its thread, which it arranges around its body, describing ovals with its head. About the fourth day, after having expended all its silk, the worm, shut up in the cocoon, becomes of a waxy white color; the skin wrinkles; very soon it is detached and pushed downward, and the chrysalis appears under the rents in the skin. In fifteen or sixteen days the moth appears, and escapes from its silken prison by moistening the threads with a liquid, by which they are disunited, but not broken, and through the threads thus separated the insect makes its way to the light of day.

The rearing and culture of the silk-worm is of course an important industry. After procuring good eggs, the most essential point is to possess premises in which the air is easily renewed. The worms must have all the air possible, and yet must never be chilled. This is usually attained by keeping a constant fire in an open room, and by letting air into the room from another chamber which separates it from the open air. In the rearing-room are arranged racks, by the side of which are placed frames made of reeds. These frames are placed in such a manner that one can easily pass round them to place and remove the worms, and to distribute the leaves uniformly. A cellar, or cool room, is necessary in which to stow away the leaves as soon as they are brought in from the country. In large rearing establishments there is a special chamber for incubation. The eggs are spread out on sheets of paper, placed on a table in a room having a southern aspect, taking care that the rays of the sun shall not reach them. After three or four days a fire is lighted, and day by day the heat gradually increased. As soon as the worms are hatched, the eggs are covered with a net, and over them are placed mulberry-boughs, covered with tender leaves, on which all the little worms congregate. They are then lifted off with a hook made of thin wire, and the worms are placed on a table covered with paper. They are given as their first meal tender leaves cut into small pieces. During the first age, the period preceding the first moult, they are fed six or eight times a day, care being taken to distribute the food as equally as possible. When the moult approaches, the young ones are made to climb on to boughs having tender leaves, so that they can be moved to litters as thin and clean as possible, and there sleep in a good state of health. When the mass of worms is well awake again, a net is spread over them, the meshes of which are broad enough for them to pass through. On this net are spread young leaves, and the worms, immediately leaving the old food, proceed to the new. This process is repeated through each successive age. When the last age approaches its termination, and the chrysalis state is near, sprigs of heather are placed so that the worm—which at this period has a great disposition to mount—can ascend into them, and spin its cocoon.

The conditions most important in rearing the silk-worm are, proper and equable heat and thorough ventilation. The most precarious



A Silk-worm Rearing Establishment.

period is the time after the last moult. When the worms awake from their sleep they are liable to various diseases, and hence require the utmost care and watching.

When the cocoons are completed, the person in charge separates

them from the heather, and sells them to the silk-spinners. But the chrysalis within the cocoon must first be destroyed, in order to prevent the moth from piercing its silken covering. This is done by exposing the cocoon to steam, in which the chrysalis is stifled.



Silk-winding Establishment.

The cocoons which are retained in order to produce eggs for the next year are fixed on sheets of brown paper, covered with a slight coating of paste. Male and female cocoons, ascertained by the fact that the female is always the heavier, are kept on separate sheets. When the moths appear, they are seized by the wings and placed on cloths stretched out for the purpose. They presently evacuate a red liquid; the males and females are then placed together; after copulation they are separated. Sheets of paper are placed on screens, suitably inclined, on which the females are laid. Here the moths lay their eggs. The sheets of paper, covered with eggs, are then hung on wires in a room which is never warmed. Here they remain until the hatching-season returns.

Having thus given a rapid survey of the method of rearing the silk-worm, a few words in reference to the winding of the cocoon may be of interest. This is an operation requiring great experience, unremitting attention, and an almost exceptional delicacy of touch. The woman who is spinning stands before a sort of loom which is called *tour*. Under her hand is a copper containing water, which she heats to the required degree by opening the top of a tube, which brings a current of steam. She plunges the cocoons into hot water, and moves them about in it, to soften the gummy substance which sticks the silken threads of the cocoon together. Then she beats them with a light hand, with a small birch broom. She now attempts to make up a staple, or *bris*, by uniting together the ends of five cocoons. The five ends are held in a mass, and introduced into the hole of a frame, suited for the purpose. Two staples are made at once, one on the right hand, the other on the left. The worker then brings them together, crosses them, rolls them, and twists them, the one on the other, several times, after which she separates them from above and keeps them well apart, making each of them pass into a hook at a distance from which they are going to twist round into a hank, separately, on a wheel. The two threads thus twisted are drawn close together, compressed, and become one, getting round by rolling on each other, and being kept in continual motion, drawn out as they are by the rapid motion of the wheel.

FLAG OF MY COUNTRY.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, WRITTEN IN CAMP AT GREENWICH, 1814.

FLAG of my country! proudly wave
High to the favoring breeze of heaven,
The rallying-point that forms the brave
Whene'er the battle-word is given.

As when at evening on the deep,
From their loved firesides distant far,
Their anxious eyes the sailors keep,
Fixed on their guide, the Northern star:

So on thy stars, in danger's day,
The warrior turns his daring eye,
And dauntless treads the crimsoned way,
Through honor's path, to victory.

When first their eagle met the gale,
Our fathers bade these shores be free,
And long, where slaughter strewed the vale,
They fearless fought and bled for thee,

Till England's banner-cross was furled,
And Peace her olive-branch displayed;
Then, 'mid the plaudits of a world,
They sheathed the consecrated blade.

Yet once again the trump of War
Has bade the dream of Peace be o'er,
Again Invasion's crimson car
Drives threatening round our hallowed shore.

But shall that flag which on the billow
So late has won Fame's laurel-wreath,
Which formed a hero's* dying pillow,
And wrapped his pallid corse in death—

Say, shall that flag e'er share the fate
Of Gallia's fallen *tri-color*;
Shall History say, "It once was great,
But soon it fell to rise no more?"

No! while within each manly breast
Burns one faint spark of valor's flame,
While Glory lifts its glittering crest,
And Honor points the path to fame,

While spring adorns with flowerets fair
The grass where low our fathers lie—
So long its stars shall blaze in air,
So long to heaven's breezes fly.

Flag of my country! proudly wave,
Nor dread the invaders' bold command,
While nobly fight the good and brave
For Freedom and their native land.

SKETCHES OF EARLY LIFE IN BOSTON.

NO. III.

HOW THEY CONDUCTED PUBLIC WORSHIP IN BOSTON.

THE religious phraseology of the first settlers in Massachusetts was carefully constructed, with the view of avoiding, not only every thing which in itself savored of superstition, but also, as it would seem, of disengaging themselves, as far as possible, from all the associations that were connected with a communion which they had renounced. They were always scrupulous in designating the *place* of worship as a meeting-house, and not as a church—the days on which divine services were held, they called lecture-days—and the clergyman was known as a teacher, or a teaching-elder, in distinction from the ruling-elder, as there were usually two such officials presiding over each congregation. These were, at first, not only elected by the people, but also set apart for their work, or ordained to the ministry, by delegates chosen from the congregation.

The first meeting-house erected in Boston was a humble structure, of which nothing is known except that the walls were of mud and that the roof was covered with thatch. This, however, remained standing only for nine or ten years, when it was replaced by a building of wood, which stood for seventy-one years in Washington Street, opposite to the head of State Street, when it was destroyed by fire.

There is nothing to indicate what was the precise style of architecture adopted in those days, unless it may be inferred from the character of a small building now to be seen in the city of Salem, which has recently been discovered and restored, as far as practicable, to its original condition, and is supposed to be the edifice in which Roger Williams formerly preached. One thing we may be sure of, that, in these structures, there was a careful avoidance of every thing bordering upon ecclesiastical symbolism. What the old divines, who once thundered against the pomps and vanities of the church, as well as of the world, would say, if they should now get a glimpse of the gorgeous temples in which their children worship, may be readily imagined.

In 1676 we find the following singular enactment: "Ordered, that hereafter no pew shall be built with a door into the

* Captain James Lawrence, of the Chesapeake.

street; and if the builder of the pew leave the house, before the close of the exercises, the pew shall revert to the church."

We get a clew to the meaning of this law by referring to another, passed some years before, whereby "all Christian people are forbidden to have lectures, during the week, before one o'clock; it being prejudicial to the public good to lose a whole day." "There were so many lectures now in the country," writes Mr. Winthrop, "and many poor persons would usually resort to two or three in a week, to the great neglect of their affairs, and the damage of the publick. The assemblies also were held till night, and sometimes within the night, so as such as dwelt far off could not get home in due season, and many weak bodies could not endure so long in the extremity of the heat or cold, without great trouble and hazard of their health. Whereupon the General Court ordered, that the elders should be desired to give a meeting to the magistrates and deputies, to consider about the length and frequency of church assemblies. This was taken in ill part by most of the elders and other of the churches—they alleging that *liberty for the ordinances* was the main end of our coming hither." Considering the infirmities of human nature, it is not very strange that the less godly among the people should have caused these private doors to be cut in the side of the meeting-house, and occasionally escape thereby, for an hour or two, from the long services inflicted upon them.

Good Mr. Winthrop writes thus in his journal, 1639: "Mr. Hooker being to preach at Cambridge, the governor and many others went to hear him (though the governor did very seldom go from his own congregation upon the Lord's day). He preached in the afternoon, and having gone on, with much strength of voice and intention of spirit, about a quarter of an hour, he was at a stand, and told the people that God had deprived him both of his strength and matter, etc., and so went forth, and, about half an hour after, returned again, and went on, to very good purpose, *about two hours*." This must have been quite a moderate performance, so far as its length was concerned; but, when it came to prayers and sermons stretching through a whole day, and never ceasing till the going down of the sun—*relays* of ministers being on hand to take up the doctrine, as one after another gave out—and when we consider still further that all able-bodied persons were obliged to be present at public worship, under severe penalties for unnecessary absence, it is difficult to avoid having some little sympathy with those feeble folk, who "built their pews with a door into the street."

How the young people and children managed to live through these interminable performances, and behave with any sort of propriety, is a great marvel; especially when we remember that the services consisted of nothing but prayers and sermons, most of which it must have required a well-trained theologian to comprehend. No public reading of the Scriptures was ever allowed, and, for nearly a century, there was no singing to relieve the dreary monotony of the service.

In Drake's History of Boston we are told that, in 1722, "the subject of singing in churches was making considerable talk both in town and country." Some thought it to be a great innovation, and not to be tolerated. The Rev. Thomas Symmes wrote this year a tract in favor of "regular" singing. It was accompanied by a recommendation as follows: "We, the subscribers, willing to countenance and promote regular singing, or *singing by note*, do signify our approbation of the substance and design of the ensuing dialogue." We are not surprised that singing in churches was not popular when it was first introduced, if every one lifted up his voice at discretion, as would seem to be implied by the fact that singing *by note*, or "regular singing," was unknown previous to the year 1722.

It is, however, proper for us to allude to one custom, growing out of the necessity of the times—when there were no newspapers, and no other mode of communicating public intelligence existed—which must, in a measure, have tended to re-

lieve the tediousness of the services. At a certain interval of worship, the appointed officer rose in his place, and proclaimed aloud such items of general moment as it was important for the congregation to know. How often, in our childhood, have we waited for the town-clerk to stand up in his pew and publish, in like manner, "the intentions of marriage" between A and B! On the records of the court there had been a special provision to this effect: "Any swine caught at large, without a keeper, must be cried out at the two next public lectures." Even in those quiet days there was probably some sense of the ludicrous still lingering in the nature of the people, and we can easily imagine that the minute descriptions which would sometimes necessarily attend these "crying out," in order to the due identification of the straying animals, might somewhat interfere with the gravity of worship; and, accordingly, the law was afterward so altered as to provide for affixing to the meeting-house door the notice of all errant swine, instead of publishing them in meeting.

We may remark that the legislation of the General Court, bearing in various ways upon this description of animals, is uncommonly copious, and, after a while, became so troublesome that the whole matter was committed to the several towns, the last entry on this subject being as follows: "Thomas Starr is accused of saying that the law about swine is against God's law, and he would not obey it." What the particular enactment was, which Mr. Starr regarded as contravening the Scriptures, does not appear; we only know that his appeal to the "higher law" did not save him from punishment.

Returning to the subject more immediately before us, we observe that the first ministers of Boston were, in certain respects, very scrupulous in the administration of Christian ordinances. The Rev. John Cotton arrived in Boston in 1633. "On Saturday evening the congregation met in their ordinary exercise, and Mr. Cotton, being desired to speak to the question (which was of the church), he showed, out of the Canticles, that some churches were as queens, some as concubines, some as damsels, and some as doves. He was then propounded to be admitted as a member. The Lord's day following he exercised in the afternoon, and, being to be admitted, signified his desire and readiness to make his confession according to order, which he said might be sufficient in declaring his faith about baptism, which he then desired for his child, born in their passage, and therefore named Seaborn. He gave two reasons why he did not baptize it at sea (not for want of fresh water, for he held sea-water would have served): 1. Because they had no *settled* congregation there; 2. Because a minister hath no power to give the seals but in his own congregation."

One of the popular sermons of the day is thus entitled: "On the impropriety of children's asking their parent's blessing *on their knees*." Certainly, in our day, there is no special call for enlarging upon such an evil as this; children are not much given to asking their parent's blessing in any attitude.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the preaching in those times was confined to the elaborate unfolding of dogmatic theology; nothing could be done in the community of any moment that did not attract the notice of the pulpit. Alas, for the man who speculated in flour, or gave short measure, or sold inferior goods, in those days! A case in point occurred in 1639, when Mr. Robert Keane, who kept a shop in Boston, ventured to sell his wares for a larger profit than was considered equitable by the community; his offence being aggravated by these especial circumstances: "1. He being an ancient professor of the Gospel. 2. A man of eminent parts. 3. Wealthy, and having but one child. 4. Having come over for conscience, sake, and for the advancement of the Gospel here." This speculative gentleman, having been first cited to appear before the magistrates, and fined two hundred pounds—what a source of revenue to-day lies undeveloped!—was then summoned before the church, "where, as, before, he had done in the court, he did, with tears, acknowledge and bewail his covetous and

corrupt heart"—what an *acknowledging* and *bewailing* would now fill the land, if all our overreaching traders and speculators were called to make public confession of their sin!—"yet making some excuse for many of the particulars which were charged upon him, as partly by pretence of ignorance of the true price of some of his wares, and chiefly by being misled by some false principles, as: 1. That, if a man lost in one commodity, he might help himself in the price of another. 2. That if, through want of skill or other occasion, his commodity cost him more than the price of the market in England, he might then sell it for more than the price of the market in New England," etc. These things gave occasion to Mr. Cotton, in his public exercise on the next lecture-day, to lay open the error of such false principles—and "very faithfully does he appear to have discharged his duty." After this came up the question of Mr. Keiane's excommunication, but, upon the whole, as he was not in general reputed to be a covetous person, and had always been liberal in his hospitality and in his contributions to the church, he was let off with an admonition. There are "various points of application," in view of the present aspect of things, which the reader will probably make for himself.

The power of the pulpit, in the early days of Boston, was almost unlimited. And when we consider the intellectual superiority of the men who filled the position of "lecturers"—for, at the time, this was the only field open where persons of high ability could exercise their power—when we remember that there were few books to be had, and that no periodical literature existed; that the government was virtually a theocracy, where, without the priestly name, priestly prerogatives were exerted without limit; when we recall the fact that, two or three days in every week, the people were called to listen to the preacher hour after hour, and that his dictum was law, his review of public or private acts final, his condemnation the verdict of Heaven—our only wonder is that such an agency was not more widely abused. It was absolute and tyrannical; but it was a *well-intended* despotism. It aimed at good results, although it was relentless in its modes of reaching them. It sought to win men from the world, and, one way of doing this was, to make the world as disagreeable an abode as possible.

The modes of worship adopted by a people are always significant of the national character. Applying this rule to the case before us, we should say that the prominent characteristics of the early settlers of Boston were earnestness, rigid conscientiousness, sobriety, exclusiveness, and narrowness. They may have cultivated flowers, but it could not have been because of their beauty and fragrance—most probably it was in order to extract their medicinal properties.

We shall next proceed to show how they treated heretics and schismatics in Boston.

IMAGINATION IN THE PROGRESS OF MORALS.

By W. E. H. LECKY.

IT is sufficiently evident that, in proportion to the high organization of society, the amiable and the social virtues will be cultivated at the expense of the heroic and the ascetic. A courageous endurance of suffering is probably the first form of human virtue, the one conspicuous instance, in savage life, of a course of conduct opposed to natural impulses, and pursued through a belief that it is higher or nobler than the opposite. In a disturbed, disorganized, and warlike society, acts of great courage and great endurance are very frequent, and determine, to a very large extent, the course of events; but, in proportion to the organization of communities, the occasions for their display, and their influence when displayed, are alike restricted. Besides this, the tastes and habits of civilization, the innumerable inventions designed to promote comfort and diminish pain, set the current of society in a direction altogether different from heroism, and somewhat emasculate, though they refine and soften, the character.

Asceticism again—including, under this term, not merely the mo-

nastic system, but also all efforts to withdraw from the world, in order to cultivate a high degree of sanctity—belongs naturally to a society which is somewhat rude, and in which isolation is frequent and easy. When men become united in very close bonds of co-operation, when industrial enterprise becomes very ardent, and the prevailing impulse is strongly toward material wealth and luxurious enjoyments, virtue is regarded chiefly, or solely, in the light of the interests of society, and this tendency is still further strengthened by the educational influence of legislation, which imprints moral distinctions very deeply on the mind, but, at the same time, accustoms men to measure them solely by an external and utilitarian standard. The first table of the law gives way to the second. Good is not loved for itself, but as the means to an end. All that virtue which is required to form upright and benevolent men is, in the highest degree, useful to society, but the qualities which constitute a saintly or spiritual character, as distinguished from one that is simply moral and amiable, have not the same direct, uniform, and manifest tendency to the promotion of happiness, and they are accordingly undervalued. In savage life, the animal nature being supreme, these higher qualities are unknown. In a very elaborate material civilization the prevailing atmosphere is not favorable either to their production or their appreciation. Their place has usually been in an intermediate stage.

On the other hand, there are certain virtues that are the natural product of a cultivated society. Independently of all local and special circumstances, the transition of men from a barbarous or semi-civilized to a highly-organized state necessarily brings with it the destruction or abridgment of the legitimate sphere of revenge, by the transfer of the office of punishment from the wronged person to a passionless tribunal appointed by society; a growing substitution of pacific for warlike occupations, the introduction of refined and intellectual tastes which gradually displace amusements that derive their zest from their barbarity, the rapid multiplication of ties of connection between all classes and nations, and, above all, the strengthening of the imagination by intellectual culture.

This last faculty, considered as the power of realization, forms the chief tie between our moral and intellectual natures. In order to pity suffering, we must realize it, and the intensity of our compassion is usually and chiefly proportioned to the vividness of our realization. The most frightful catastrophe in South America, an earthquake, a shipwreck, or a battle, will elicit less compassion than the death of a single individual who has been brought prominently before our eyes. To this cause must be ascribed the extraordinary measure of compassion usually bestowed upon a conspicuous condemned criminal, the affection and enthusiasm that centre upon sovereigns, and many of the glaring inconsistencies of our historical judgments. The recollection of some isolated act of magnanimity displayed by Alexander or Caesar moves us more than the thought of the 30,000 Thebans whom the Macedonian sold as slaves, of the 2,000 prisoners he crucified at Tyre, of the 1,100,000 men on whose corpses the Roman rose to fame. Wrapped in the pale winding-sheet of general terms, the greatest tragedies of history evoke no vivid images in our minds, and it is only by a great effort of genius that an historian can galvanize them into life. The irritation displayed by the captive of St. Helena in his bickerings with his jailer affects most men more than the thought of the nameless thousands whom his insatiable egotism had hurried to the grave. Such is the frailty of our nature, that we are more moved by the tears of some captive princess, by some trifling biographical incident that has floated down the stream of history, than by the sorrows of all the countless multitudes who perished beneath the sword of a Tamerlane, a Bajazet, or a Zenghis Khan.

If our benevolent feelings are thus the slaves of our imaginations, if an act of realization is a necessary antecedent and condition of compassion, it is obvious that any influence that augments the range and power of this realizing faculty is favorable to the amiable virtues, and it is equally evident that education has in the highest degree this effect. To an uneducated man, all classes, nations, modes of thought and existence foreign to his own, are unrealized, while every increase of knowledge brings with it an increase of insight, and therefore of sympathy. But the addition to his knowledge is the smallest part of this change. The realizing faculty is itself intensified. Every book he reads, every intellectual exercise in which he engages, accustoms him to rise above the objects immediately present to his senses, to extend his realizations into new spheres, and reproduce in his imagination the thoughts, feelings, and characters of others, with a vividness incon-

cruel to the savage. Hence, in a great degree, the tact with which a refined mind learns to discriminate and adapt itself to the most delicate shades of feeling, and hence, too, the sensitive humanity with which, in proportion to their civilization, men realize and recoil from cruelty.

We have here, however, an important distinction to draw. Under the name of cruelty are comprised two kinds of vice, altogether different in their causes and in most of their consequences. There is a cruelty which springs from callousness and brutality, and there is the cruelty of vindictiveness. The first belongs chiefly to hard, dull, and somewhat lethargic characters, it appears most frequently in strong and conquering nations and in temperate climates, and is due in a very great degree to defective realization. The second is rather a feminine attribute, it is usually displayed in oppressed and suffering communities, in passionate natures, and in hot climates. Great vindictiveness is often united with great tenderness, and great callousness with great magnanimity, but a vindictive nature is rarely magnanimous, and a brutal nature is still more rarely tender. The ancient Romans exhibited a remarkable combination of great callousness and great magnanimity, while, by a curious contrast, the modern Italian character verges manifestly toward the opposite combination. Both forms of cruelty are, if I mistake not, diminished with advancing civilization, but by different causes and in different degrees. Callous cruelty disappears before the sensitiveness of a cultivated imagination. Vindictive cruelty is diminished by the substitution of a penal system for private revenge.

The same intellectual culture that facilitates the realization of suffering, and therefore produces compassion, facilitates also the realization of character and opinions, and therefore produces charity. The great majority of uncharitable judgments in the world may be traced to a deficiency of imagination. The chief cause of sectarian animosity is, the incapacity of most men to conceive hostile systems in the light in which they appear to their adherents, and to enter into the enthusiasm they inspire. The acquisition of this power of intellectual sympathy is a common accompaniment of a large and cultivated mind, and, wherever it exists, it assuages the rancor of controversy. The severity of our judgment of criminals is also usually excessive, because the imagination finds it more easy to realize an action than a state of mind. Any one can conceive a fit of drunkenness or a deed of violence, but few persons, who are by nature very sober or very calm, can conceive the natural disposition that predisposes to it. A good man, brought up among all the associations of virtue, reads of some horrible crime, his imagination exhausts itself in depicting its circumstances, and he then estimates the guilt of the criminal, by asking himself, "How guilty should *I* be, were *I* to perpetrate such an act?"

To realize with any adequacy the force of a passion we have never experienced, to conceive a type of character radically different from our own, above all, to form any just appreciation of the lawlessness and obtuseness of moral temperament, inevitably generated by a vicious education, requires a power of imagination which is among the rarest of human endowments. Even in judging our own conduct, this feebleness of imagination is sometimes shown, and an old man, recalling the foolish actions, but having lost the power of realizing the feelings, of his youth, may be very unjust to his own past. That which makes it so difficult for men of strong vicious passions to unbosom himself to a naturally virtuous man, is not so much the virtue as the ignorance of the latter. It is the conviction that he cannot possibly understand the force of a passion he has never felt. That which alone renders tolerable to the mind the thought of judgment by an all-pure Being, is the union of the attribute of omniscience with that of purity, for perfect knowledge implies a perfect power of realization. The further our analysis extends, and the more our realizing faculties are cultivated, the more sensible we become of the influence of circumstances both upon character and upon opinions, and of the exaggerations of our first estimates of moral inequality. Strong antipathies are thus gradually softened down. Men gain much in charity, but they lose something in zeal.

We may push, I think, this vein of thought one step further. Our imagination, which governs our affections, is in its earlier and feeble stages wholly unable to grasp ideas, except in a personified and concrete form, and the power of rising to abstractions is one of the best measures of intellectual progress. The beginning of writing is the hieroglyphic or symbolical picture, the beginning of worship is fetishism or idolatry, the beginning of eloquence is pictorial, sensuous, and metaphorical, the beginning of philosophy is the myth. The im-

agination in its first stages concentrates itself on individuals; gradually, by an effort of abstraction, it rises to an institution or well-defined organization; it is only at a very advanced stage that it can grasp a moral or intellectual principle. Loyalty, patriotism, and attachment to a cosmopolitan cause are therefore three forms of moral enthusiasm respectively appropriate to three successive stages of mental progress, and they have, I think, a certain analogy to idolatrous worship, church feeling, and moral culture, which are the central ideas of three stages of religious history.

THE SCIENCE OF GOING UP-STAIRS.

EVERY one knows that the ascent of a staircase is more fatiguing than ordinary walking; but current ideas upon the subject, as upon most other familiar things, are loose and inaccurate, and therefore unsuited to regulate practice. Science gives us more precise information about it, which is important for all to understand.

The planet on which we live, although itself an example of motion on a stupendous scale, seems to be unwilling that any thing else should stir. It puts forth an influence called gravity, which would hold every one of us fast in our places like a vice, if some other agency did not come to set us free. It is a star more than ninety millions of miles away that, liberating us from the chain of gravity, makes it possible to change places. To move a body upon the earth's surface, a counter-force must be exerted sufficient to overcome the pull of gravity, and this counter-force is solar energy. In railway locomotion, as is well known, the sun's force, stored up in fuel, is set free by combustion, and converted into a rolling movement through the agency of cranks and wheels. The animal system works on the same general principle, but by different mechanical arrangements. In walking, the solar force stored up in food is liberated in the system and translated into mechanical movement through the agency of contractile muscles and bony levers.

In walking, progression is effected by a succession of lifts, inclinations, and swings. In starting, the body is lifted (for example) by the levers of the right foot, and is inclined forward. The left foot being then raised from the ground, the leg swings forward and is carried by its momentum beyond the right foot. The levers of the left foot now lift the body again, and the right leg swings forward, and so we oscillate along on a pair of pendulums. As walking thus takes place by the pendulous movement, its economy is involved in the law of oscillation. We walk with the least expenditure of power when the intervals of the steps are so timed that each leg swings by its own weight through its natural arc, and there is no extra effort either to quicken or retard the swinging movement. Short pendulums vibrate more quickly than long ones, and therefore short-legged people step quicker than long-legged people, though with no more sense of exertion.

In going up-stairs, the mechanism of progression is, of course, the same; but the lifting action, which is the real force-consuming part of the process, is now greatly increased. Instead of being just sufficient to admit of the free swing of the pendulous foot, it must be so great as to project the body up at each step a distance equal to the height of the stair. Whether a man of one hundred and forty pounds gets his weight upstairs by the levers that Nature gave him, or lifts it by a pulley, makes no difference; one hundred and forty pounds are to be lifted through the height of the staircase, at any rate. In walking a distance of eighteen feet, at, say, six steps, and assuming that the centre of gravity of the body is raised an inch at each step, the total effort expended would be equal to raising the body through a height of six inches. But, in ascending a staircase eighteen feet high, the body has to be lifted through thirty-six times this space, with the expenditure of thirty-six times the amount of force; the power expended would therefore be equal to a level walk of three hundred and twenty-four feet. We thus get a definite idea of the immensely greater con-

sumption of force in ascending a staircase than in ordinary walking.

But the difference is still greater than here appears. We have said that each person has a natural time-rate of stepping, at which force is expended most economically. Two persons of unequal steps will move along together at equal speed, the short and frequent stepping of one being equal to the longer and slower stepping of the other. But, if they join arms, and undertake to "keep step," one or the other must violate the law of oscillation—that is, must swing his pendulums in the wrong time. He therefore walks at a mechanical disadvantage which involves extra exertion, and to that degree a waste of force. But in going up-stairs this deviation from the natural movement and the consequent mechanical drawback are very much greater; so that, besides the enormous draft of vital energy for simple lifting, there is a further loss in the disadvantageous way of doing it.

But there is another law of the case which is still more important. In moving a body from one point to another, it is not enough to know how much force is required to overcome weight and friction, but the time in which it is to be done must also be taken into account; and, as regards the economy of force, this is by far the most serious thing. The dynamic formula is, not that the moving force must equal the weight of the mass moved, but it must equal the mass multiplied into the velocity. And how multiplied? People generally would say that, if the speed be doubled, the force also must be doubled; but this is far from the truth. You cannot double the speed by doubling the force; to double the speed you must double the force twice. A duplicate increase of velocity requires a quadruple increase of force. If a railway-train is moving at ten miles an hour, to make it twenty miles an hour requires four times the driving power—hence the great economy of low speed. Physicists assure us that, in raising weights by pulleys or levers, the same principle holds. When, therefore, you run up-stairs in half the time that you would walk up, the draft upon the vital energy is multiplied fourfold. Quickening the speed lengthens the staircase; and quickening it a little lengthens it a great deal. Running up in half the time is equivalent to walking up four flights.

Running up-stairs is thus an excessive strain upon the constitution; but where does this strain fall? The levers of motion are moved immediately by the muscles; but the muscles cannot act of themselves. Their contractions and relaxations take place only under stimulus; they are all connected by lines of force, called nerves, with the nervous centres, and these are the sources of muscular stimulation. Not that the nerve-force of the brain is converted into the mechanical movement of progression, but nerve-force is constantly drawn upon to maintain the action of the muscles, and this draft is always greatest where there is a sense of exertion. The feelings are muscular stimuli, and whenever excited they press for vent in muscular movement; if much excited, for example, we cannot sit still. Under the influence of an intense emotion, as terror, for instance, men often put forth an amount of power which would be impossible under ordinary circumstances. In running up-stairs, therefore, it is not mere mechanical force that we are expending; there is a wasteful exertion of the highest force of the organism. It takes place at the expense of nervous vitality and cerebral vigor. There is a limited fund of nervous power which is drawn upon by the stomach in digestion, by the heart in circulation, by the glands in secretion, by the muscles in work, and by the organ of mind in feeling and thinking. And this fund of force being limited, any over-draft in one direction takes place at the expense of the others. When bodily vigor is high, the evil result of running up-stairs may not be decidedly felt; but where there is debility of any of the processes, this strain cannot fail to tell in some form or other with injurious effect.

The habit of running up-stairs implies bad calculation. The reason offered in nine cases out of ten will be, that it is to save

time. But time must be very precious when we can afford to pay for it in vital energy at such an exorbitant rate. It is better to be deliberate, to take time and economize vital power. It may answer for young people, in their exuberance of activity, to make the staircase a gymnasium; but it is a wasteful folly in others, who, if time must be saved by accelerated motion, had better do it by adopting the trot as the regular pace of the parlor.

The bad practice is, however, in reality, due to incorrect thinking upon the subject. People suppose that, in going up-stairs, there is just so much to be done *at any rate*, and the quicker the task is over with the better. But this is a fallacy, and when we undertake to reduce fallacies to practice, we always have to pay the penalty.

TABLE-TALK.

LANDSCAPE painting has, for a long time, held a prominent place in American art. Almost without historical painting, as it is commonly understood, and, in *genre* painting, singularly inferior to the French artists, we may, in landscape, with good reason, champion the painters of the world. Landscape painting has been; with our artists, more ambitious than it has been elsewhere; they have treated it more largely and with greater daring; they have rendered it epic in character; it has become heroic, as it were, in pictures like the "Andes" and "Icebergs" of Church, and the Rocky Mountain views of Bierstadt. The largeness, richness, and beauty of our scenery have filled and inspired the hearts of our painters. The spirit of our woods controls our studios, for our life has too little of the picturesque in its contrasts; our history is too little suited in its adjuncts and conditions for the canvas, to animate or create painters of incident and character. Our landscape painters have been close students of Nature; they have rarely made theories or schools; they have sought to express, with simplicity and truth, the charms and beauties of hills and woods, mountains and meadows, sea and lakes, flowers and grasses; to express the gentleness and delicacy of Nature, as well as her grandeur and greatness.

In an earlier number of the JOURNAL we presented our readers with a steel engraving, from a painting by KENNAH, called "Noon on the Sea-shore"—a picture peculiarly characteristic of this painter, who delights in painting summer seas, and waves rippling softly over sandy bars. The present number is accompanied by an engraving, by Mr. A. F. BELLOWS, called "The River Road." Mr. Bellows has peculiar sympathy for picturesque inland views, such as abound in our New England and Northern States, and usually paints homely, rural characters in his pictures, as if he would give them thereby a more vivid human interest. These two engravings are only part of a series that it is our design to offer to the readers of this journal, in which we hope to include specimens of all the leading American painters. We have already in preparation plates from pictures by CHURCH, CASILEAR, DURAND, JAMES HART, HASELTINE, SUYDAM, FENNE, and others. The collection, in due time, will become not only a varied series of illustrations of our mountain, river, and coast scenery, but a choice gallery of American art.

Mr. Booth, having terminated a long run of "Romeo and Juliet" at his new theatre, has produced "Othello," appearing in his own person as the Moor. This is the fourth Shakespearean revival of the season, and, while scarcely better than the others in pictorial setting, is, to our mind, much the best acted. We have heretofore been more familiar with Mr. Booth as Iago than as Othello, and hence this performance is new to many of us. Mr. Booth's rank as an actor has always been a disputed point, and we confess to have been among those to question his genius. But his *Othello* is a performance that in

some particulars deserves high praise. We think he is lacking in power in the stronger scenes; he has not the electrical flash, the powerful swell, the intense force of grand passion. But his Othello exhibits a more intellectual purpose, a juster conception, a more consistent unity, than we have seen in his other characters. In his hands, Othello is one "not easily jealous, but, being wrought, perplexed in the extreme." The confident assurance of the devoted husband, as Iago first intimates his suspicions; the dawn of the dreadful thought, repressed as soon as conceived; then its return, and the gradual creeping into his heart of the full conviction of Desdemona's guilt, were all illustrated and depicted with a skill that would be difficult to excel. Mr. Booth was fortunate in an excellent Iago, Mr. Adams. The mounting of the play, its scenery, accessories, and costuming, are so far perfect and admirable, that the drama is rendered a vivid historical picture. There is a felicity in all the appointments of the plays at Mr. Booth's Theatre, so marked that it amounts to genius.

Buckle's "History of Civilization," although a work of great originality and learning, the influence of which has been powerfully felt in the world of thought, is nevertheless notoriously a work of many and grave faults. One of these is the denial of the progressive nature of the moral element in man. In his theory of the advance of civilization the intellect only is held to be progressive, while the moral faculties remain stationary. Mr. W. E. H. Leckey, a young man who has recently conquered a position in philosophic literature by the authorship of the "History of the Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe," is generally understood to be a close student of Buckle, and sympathetic with many of his views. But he has just completed a remarkable work on morals, in which he takes a view diametrically opposite to that of his predecessor. It is a "History of Morals from the Time of Augustus to that of Charlemagne." The opening chapter, on "The Natural History of Morals," is a very lucid and interesting analysis and historical review of the rival intuitive and utilitarian systems, and their relations to different phases of philosophical speculation and the different states of society. He here takes the ground that morals are progressive, and we publish in the present number of the JOURNAL a suggestive extract from the advance sheets of the work, in which he shows the intimate dependence of progressive morality upon the development of the imagination. Mr. Leckey's work, besides presenting a new and original statement, and abounding in fresh and impressive views, is written with a warmth of feeling and a rhetorical elegance which contrast strongly with the dull didactic tone by which treatises upon this subject are usually marked.

The spring exhibition of the Academy of Design, which opened about the middle of April, is a very good one, although there are more famous names absent from its catalogue than present. We find nothing upon the walls from either Church, Bierstadt, James Hart, Cropsey, Gifford, or McEntee. The venerable Durand has outdone himself in an unusually ambitious picture, called "A Mountain Forest," in which we find those same careful tree-studies for which our veteran landscapist is so famous. Mr. Durand's energy and skill are unimpaired by age; he even attempts larger subjects than he did in his youth. This picture of "A Mountain Forest," and one, painted about three years ago, of "The Catskills," are superb contributions of his matured skill to a public that should never let his memory die. Mr. Kensett has two pictures in the collection—one of "Lake George;" the other, one of his characteristic coast scenes. If Kensett has painted any subject too frequently, it is undoubtedly Lake George. His coast scenes, it is true, are also numerous, but there is a delicious charm, in their wide and dreamy horizons, that asserts its spell with renewed force, let them come as often as they will. Our present brief paragraph

is no more than to chronicle the opening of the exhibition, and to note its three or four leading paintings. Among these we may mention two companion pictures by Mr. Huntington—one called "Sowing the Word;" the other, "Science and Christian Art." Both of these are mediæval in character and time, and each is particularly noticeable for its delicious ideals of womanly beauty. One represents an old man reading a missal to two young women; the other portrays an aged sage bending over an open volume of some occult science, while a young girl shows to him a picture of the Holy Family, in the early, rude style of Italian art. The motive of either painting is slight enough, and the story easily told; but, as ideal portraits, they have a supreme charm. In warmth of tone, in delicacy, in ripe conception of character and of beauty, they lead all the pictures of their class in the collection. Mr. Eastman Johnson is present in a sort of family group, which gives little token of the skill that, a few years ago, made his paintings the great talked-of; Mr. Hennessey, Mr. Homer, Mr. La Farge, have each a peculiar and characteristic canvas; and there is the usual array of portraits, many of them excellent, by Mr. Page, Mr. Baker, Mr. Hicks, and others.

Foreign Literary and Personal Notes.

IN his great work on the History of Morals, soon to be republished in this country, Mr. W. E. H. Leckey has the following interesting observations on the influence of journalism upon thought in England: "A most momentous intellectual revolution is at present taking place in England. The ascendancy in literary and philosophical questions which belonged to the writers of books, is manifestly passing, in a very great degree, to weekly and even daily papers, which have long been supreme in politics, and have begun, within the last ten years, systematically to treat ethical and philosophical questions. From their immense circulation, their incontestable ability, and the power they possess of continually reiterating their distinctive doctrines; from the impatience, too, of long and elaborate writings, which newspapers generate in the public, it has come to pass that these periodicals exercise probably a greater influence than any other productions of the day, in forming the ways of thinking of ordinary educated Englishmen. The many consequences, good and evil, of this change it will be the duty of future literary historians to trace, but there is one which is, I think, much felt in the sphere of ethics. An important effect of these journals has been to evoke a very large amount of literary talent in the lawyer class. Men whose professional duties would render it impossible for them to write long books, are quite capable of treating philosophical subjects in the form of short essays, and have, in fact, become the chief writers in these periodicals. There has never, I think, before, been a time when lawyers occupied such an important literary position as at present, or when legal ways of thinking had so great an influence over English philosophy; and this fact has been eminently favorable to the progress of utilitarianism."

With us a new play, by a native author, is almost unknown. One's memory can scarcely extend back to such an event. What few new dramas are offered to us come solely from English or French sources, and many even successful foreign productions are never reproduced on the American stage. In New York, we have had, during the present season, but one new play, unless we count a few worthless burlesques and extravaganzas, which are new only in name, and the sole interest of which exists in the opportunity they afford for dancing, singing, and the display of legs. In London there seems to be as much activity among the dramatists as here there is idleness. In one night recently, for instance, there were produced, for the first time, a new play, called "Black and White," by Mr. Wilkie Collins and Mr. Fechter; another called "Minnie; or, Leonard's Love," by Mr. Henry J. Byron; still another, by Mr. Tom Taylor, entitled "Won by a Head;" then a burlesque, by Mr. Brough, called "Joan of Arc;" a melodrama, rejoicing in the name of "Light in the Dark; or, Life Underground;" and, lastly, a dramatic version of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," with the title of "The Man of Two Lives"—all these new plays in one single night. But this was on Easter-Munday, an occasion, in London, for the revival of festivities of all kinds.

Five of the German princes are writers of ability. King John of Saxony has few equals in German literature in translating Italian and English poets. King Louis II. of Bavaria, besides being an art-critic of no mean merit, is also a poet. Prince George of Prussia has written two tragedies, which will find a permanent place in the dramatic

Literature of his country. The Duke hereditary of Saxe-Meiningen, a youth of eighteen, has recently completed a tragedy, entitled "The Emperor Henry V.," which he submitted to the managers of the Royal Theatre of Berlin, and which they found so excellent that they accepted it immediately, and will have it performed in the course of a few months. Finally, the Grand-duke of Oldenburg is a clever writer on military affairs, and has prepared a work on the campaign of 1866, which will shortly be published in Berlin.

The last dramatic sensation, in Paris, is M. Victorien Sardou's new play of "Patrie!"—printed, as we give it, with a note of admiration. This drama is in a very different direction from M. Sardou's previous plays. It is historical in scene, melodramatic in incident, and tragic in catastrophe. The action of the piece takes place in the days when the power of the Duke of Alva, in the Netherlands, was at its height; and the plot turns upon a conspiracy against this dark, unscrupulous tyrant. The construction of the play is very novel, and the audiences, that nightly assemble at the Porte St. Martin to listen to it, are intensely absorbed in the varying fortunes of its characters. This play, we understand, will shortly be produced at the Grand Opera-House, in New York.

Michaud, the publisher of the French "Biographie Universelle," paid to authors, from 1811 to 1829, when the great Cyclopædia was completed, four hundred thousand francs for their contributions. Brockhaus, the Leipzig publisher, paid six thousand dollars for the articles in the first edition of his "Conversations-Lexikon." Pierer, of Altenburg, paid about seven thousand dollars to the writers of his "Encyclopædie." The subsequent editions of the "Conversations-Lexikon" and "Encyclopædia" cost even less, so far as literary compensation is concerned.

General von Roon, the distinguished regenerator of the Prussian army, and without whose eminent services the wonderful triumphs of the Prussian war of 1866 could hardly have been achieved, is the author of a very popular series of school geographies, on which he has been receiving large copyrights for many years past. General von Roon is a pupil of Ritter, the celebrated Prussian *savant*.

The two most prominent candidates for the Spanish throne, the Duke de Montpensier and ex-King Ferdinand of Portugal, are writers of considerable ability. The Duke de Montpensier has written several volumes of historical sketches, and published a few essays in the *Revue de Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Débats*, under various *noms de plume*. Ferdinand, the ex-King of Portugal, has translated Goethe's "Faust" and Shakespeare's "Hamlet" into Portuguese. He is an excellent linguist, and a gentleman of the highest culture.

Strasser, the Austrian executioner, who died lately at Brünn, in Moravia, in his seventieth year, has left a volume of *Mémoirs*, which are believed to contain matter of great interest. He it was who strangled the Hungarian generals who were ordered to be executed at Arad, in 1849, by order of the cowardly and bloodthirsty Haynau. He executed nearly two hundred persons in the course of his long and eventful life.

Dr. Brown-Séquard, of this country, who has achieved an eminent reputation for his knowledge and experience in various diseases, has accepted the chair of Comparative and Experimental Pathology in the School of Medicine, Paris. The Government has decided to build a *laboratoire* for him in the garden of the *Hôpital des Cliniques*, and he expects to enter upon the full duties of his position next November.

The King of Prussia, having heard that Gustave Freytag, the distinguished German novelist, and author of "Debit and Credit," "The Lost Manuscript," and other standard romances, was desirous of visiting the United States, offered to intrust him with a special diplomatic mission to Washington, an offer which Mr. Freytag declined.

The anonymous author of the "Golden Patti Book," which appeared some time ago in Paris, and which, on account of the extraordinary enthusiasm with which it celebrated the merits of the little American cantatrice, excited some attention, it has now been ascertained, was written by no other than her present husband, the Marquis de Caux.

Eugene Sue's posthumous novel, "Camilla; or, the Mysteries of the Heart," which has recently been published in Paris, is not considered there by any means equal to the productions by which he obtained his fame.

In the year 1869, Prince Napoleon resolved to write a history of his great uncle, Napoleon I., and had already completed several chapters of the first volume, when his cousin, the emperor, heard of it, and urged him to abandon the idea. He had considerable difficulty in dissuading his cousin from his purpose.

Will it be believed? In no country is the retail book-trade more

profitable, and are authors more liberally compensated, than in Russia. If Hans Christian Andersen were a Russian, his "Fairy Tales" would have long since made him a rich man.

Emile de Girardin, the great Parisian editor, they say, thinks he is a by far better dramatist than journalist. At any rate he would willingly give a great part of his editorial fame for the satisfaction of getting one of his plays just once enthusiastically applauded at the Théâtre Français.

The advance orders received by the German publishers of Victor Hugo's "L'Homme qui rit" exceed very considerably those which they received for their edition of "Les Misérables."

Alexandre Dumas, Jr., says that he would never have thought of writing so many books and plays on the subject of the *demi-monde*, had not his mother, a very bright and thoughtful woman, urged him to do so.

Adolphe Thiers has dictated all his works, and never written a single line of them, nor ever looked at one of the proof-sheets. His old private secretary is a man of considerable literary ability, on whom M. Thiers can perfectly rely.

The sale of the first volume of Hesekiel's "Bismarck Book," which appeared in November, in Germany, has been larger than that of any popular German work on history or biography published since 1851.

In the year 1844 Count von Bismarck translated the first six books of the "Æneid" into blank verse. He has recently been urged to publish the work, and is likely to do so next fall.

Rossini's favorite book was "Gil Blas." He had in his small but select library fifteen beautifully illustrated French and Italian editions of that work.

The town of Cetœ, in France, with thirty thousand inhabitants, has not a single newspaper of any kind. In America, a town of this size would have half a dozen, at least.

Easter Day was celebrated at Madrid by the administration of the communion to about fifty Spanish Protestants. Such an occurrence has not taken place in Spain since the time of Philip II.

General Wilson's "Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck" has been translated into modern Greek by Professor George D. Canale, and is announced for publication at Athens, Greece.

Saint-Beuve, the French author and academician, has been dropped from the lists of guests that are regularly invited to the court-balls and to the Monday soirées of the Empress Eugenie.

The wife of Proudhon, the famous French writer on political economy, is living in destitute circumstances in one of the suburbs of Paris.

Frederick Gerstäcker, the German traveller and novelist, has declined the position of private secretary offered him by Dom Pedro of Brazil.

The Museum.

A RCHIMEDES, of Syracuse, declared that, if they would give him a fulerum and a sufficiently long lever, he would move the world, but, not knowing its weight, as we do now, he could not have formed a very clear idea of the magnitude of the task. Supposing that he got his lever planted, and of sufficient length to be moved by exerting upon it a pulling force of thirty pounds. Had he moved it through ten thousand feet per hour for ten hours a day, the remote end of the lever would have to pass through an area which it would take 8 trillions, 774 billions, 994 millions, 574 thousands, 787 of *centuries* to accomplish, in order to raise the earth a single inch.

The vessels of the fleet of Columbus which first crossed the Atlantic, were all of small size, probably of not more than one hundred tons' burden each, and therefore not larger than the American yachts, whose ocean-race from New York to Cowes was regarded as an example of immense hardihood, even in 1867.

Among the many strange and curious preparations of the remains of our fellow-creatures I do not think that there are any more remarkable than the dried heads of the Indians of Ecuador. By the great kindness of Mr. Jamrach, dealer in animals, I am now enabled to give a drawing of one of these most interesting preparations. It consists of a human head which has by some process or other been shrunk to about the size of a large orange. The features are perfect, the eyes are closed, and the eyebrows still remain. The lips are slightly parted, and threads of colored cotton

have been introduced through both lips, arranged so as to form a pendulous tassel. The face is painted with streaks of red, giving a savage and ferocious appearance. The hair springs in its natural form from the forehead. It is parted down the middle, and then falls gracefully backward, as seen



in the engraving. This hair is of a raven-black color, very thick, and with a much higher gloss upon it than any human hair I have ever seen in the shops of London dealers. The total length of this hair is twenty eight and a half inches. The measurements of the head are as follows: From the roots of hair on forehead to nose, two inches; nose to chin, two inches; from ear to ear (measuring across the nose), five inches; width of mouth, one and a half inches; length of ear, one inch. Mr. Berjeau, the artist has, at my suggestion, drawn a carpenter's rule by the

side of the head, in order to give an idea of the proportionate size of this most interesting preparation.

There can be no doubt whatever but that this is really the skin and hair of a human being. The head is perfectly hollow, and the skin is as hard and about the thickness of thick pasteboard; the skull is entirely absent. No seams are perceptible in the features, although a cut may be discovered with the finger in the thick skin which carries the hair. The story is that the whole skin of the head is present, and that it is simply shrunk to its present size by some process unknown to English medical men. The only way that I can imagine it to have been prepared—and I have experience in matters of this kind—is that the process of slow and careful drying by hot sand was adopted; but still I fancy this process would have impaired the permanent beauty of the hair. I can, however, I confess, hardly bring myself to believe but that a great deal of dexterity and ingenious manipulation has been employed in a manner which I cannot here describe.

In the Exhibition of 1851 there was a head of this kind, of which I have a photograph; the owner asked me a fabulous price for it. About a year since, I examined another of these heads, the property of a friend, kindly submitted for my examination by my next-door neighbor, A. J. Ricci, Esq.; and I believe Mr. Bartlett lately had one in his possession for a short time.

I have no history whatever of these variable and rare heads, and am in ignorance as to whether they are made simply as objects of curiosity for sale—as memorials of deceased friends—as trophies of war—or as objects connected in some way with religious worship. I should feel very grateful if any of our correspondents could give any information on the above points.—*Frank Buckland.*

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